

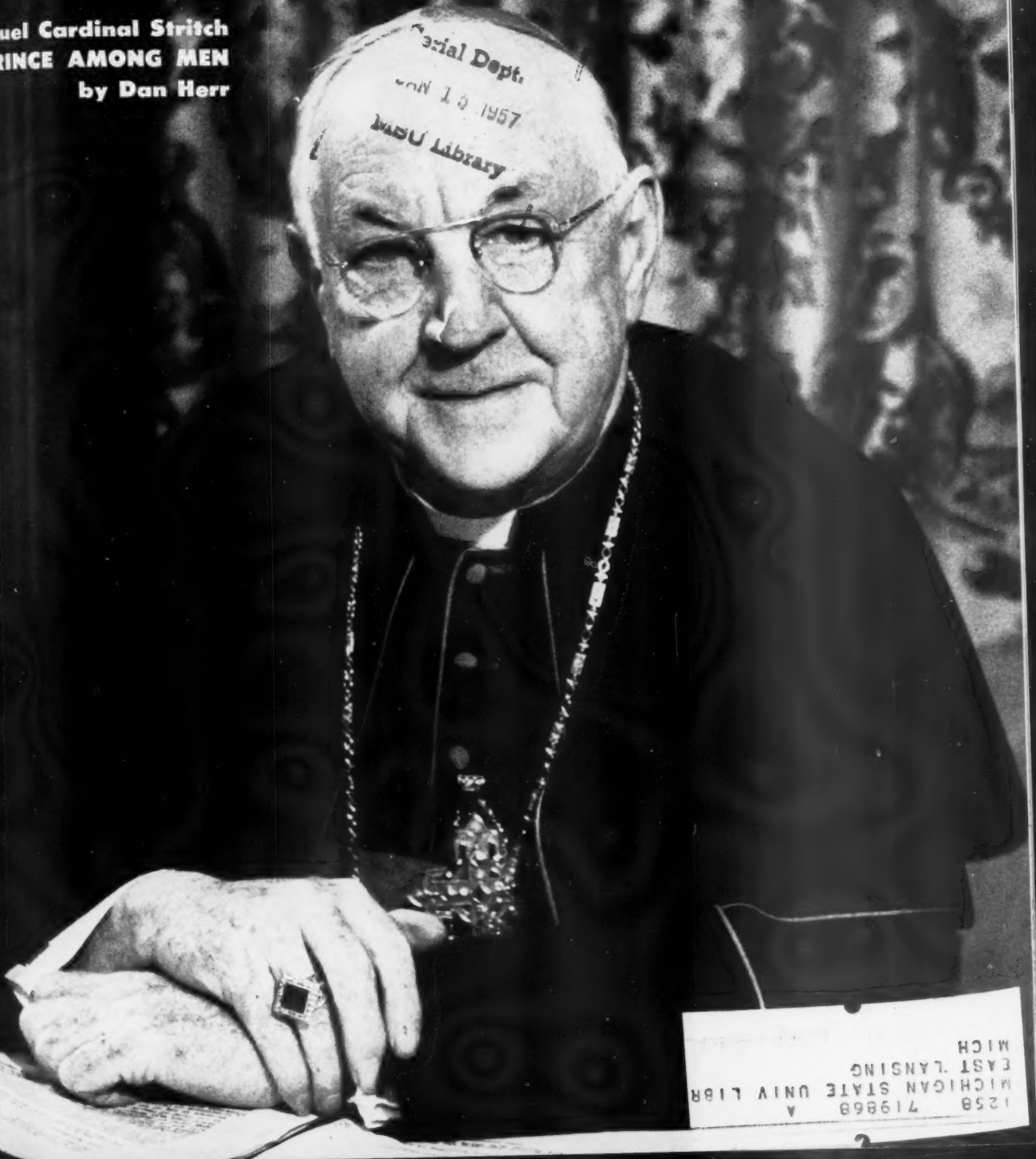
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The Sign

National Catholic Magazine

Immanuel Cardinal Stritch
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by Dan Herr



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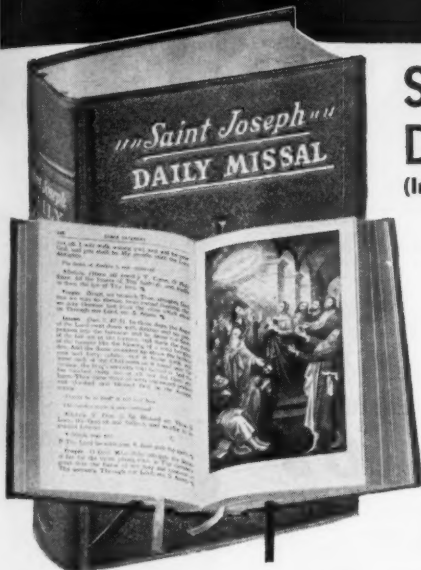
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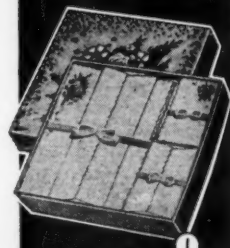
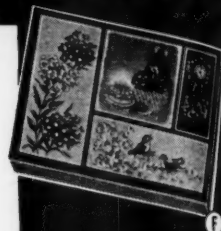
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Letters

THE "400"

There was a time in the social world when it meant something to be a recognized member of "The 400." Whatever that something was, we know it to have been fulsome and evanescent.

Of how much greater meaning and significance it is when a publication contributing outstanding spiritual and important, if less-accented, temporal values attains a circulation in "The 400 of Thousands!"

I want to offer your entire staff my very hearty congratulations on having reached this milestone on your forward way. May it inspire each step of your journey to "The 500," and on beyond!

All of us here in Williams Press are very proud and happy to have a productive part in your progressive publishing picture.

L. R. Watkins
Vice President
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EDITORIALS

"We have no intention of indulging in partisan politics. We're not campaigning for any candidate—Republican or Democratic." (November, page 12.)

This statement by you is partially true. You are not campaigning for the Republicans or Democrats; but you are and have always indulged in partisan politics, namely on the side of any socialist program. . . .

I thank God that the Church has Bishop Sheen and the Jesuits to counter the Leftist wing of the Church.

FRED J. ACKEL, D.D.S.
FT. LAUDERDALE, FLA.

Noting that your October editorial, "The Thinking Catholic" took a broadside of four letters (printed in the November issue), I thought I would write seconding your October editorial. . . .

I may have misinterpreted your words in the "Thinking Catholic," but it seemed to me that instead of ridiculing action against the Red menace you were exhorting us Catholics to offer to a truth-hungry nation and world the social truth of Christ's Church.

JOHN J. MCCARTNEY, JR.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

As usual I found your "The Catholic Voter" editorial most interesting and agreeable to my way of thinking. It seems that is the first item I reach for when my copy of THE SIGN Magazine reaches my home. I have been a subscriber to THE SIGN for four or five years and I would miss it terribly if I could not receive it.

I am very amused by the "Letters." Criticism is good. It is good for the publishers, for then they know how well their thoughts are enjoyed by the readers, also it is good

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Mrs. JOHN C. HANZAL

GARY, IND.

Thank you for your very fine editorial "The Catholic Voter." (November) I was glad to be reminded of some of the check points by which to judge a candidate.

I notice, however, that on the next page you have a photo from the League of Women Voters. Not so long ago Mrs. Bella Dodd told us that the League was badly infiltrated and generally controlled by Communist sympathizers.

I don't think they should get recognition from a Catholic magazine.

PAT LOGAN

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

FATHER MAURICE

Milton Lomask's excellent article "Father Maurice Challenges the South" in your November issue should have been titled "Father Maurice Teaches the South, 'Love Thy Neighbor.'" Father Maurice has been a compelling force in teaching all southerners of whatever creed and race in this region to make reciprocal attempts to remove the causes of friction in personal and community relationship.

Each of us, Catholic, Jew, and Protestant in this southern area which holds so much promise, will undergo a flagellation of the spirit, a catharsis of heart and soul because men like Father Maurice have preached the golden rule. His contribution will help throw the balance toward a peaceful South founded on obligations of brotherhood and the precepts of righteousness, love, and truth. Our Rabbis have taught us that under the leadership of Joshua, the Israelites more than thirty-five hundred years ago faced the walls of Jericho. After the seventh day the walls were broken and a great shout came up from the people. Then they entered the promised land. We will enter the promised land when the "Wall of Hatred" is torn down. Father Maurice has helped tear down this wall.

A. R. SURITZ

ROCK HILL, S. C.

LATIN AMERICA

In the September issue of THE SIGN there is an article on the Church in Latin America in which the author, Albert Nevins, classes Chile as one of the countries in which the Church is making no progress. As a North American Catholic who has worked in Chile for twelve years I must take exception to his conclusion. . . .

The author enumerates some of the difficulties of the Church in Chile which are true. One, of course, is the shortage of Chilean priests. However, he failed to mention that the majority of priestly vocations here today are coming from the middle and working classes and, therefore, we may expect a great increase over past years when the clergy came almost exclusively from the wealthy classes. He also failed to

mention that the diocese of Santiago recently completed a very modern seminary better than most we have in the United States. The problem is not solved by any means, but no one can say that progress is not being made.

The second complaint is that the wealthy, conservative class is hurting the Church. While there is some truth in this, as the author says, it is dangerous to make generalizations. The older people in this class, the grandfathers of today, have in great part opposed all attempts at social progress. However, their sons and grandsons usually think differently. This is seen in the establishment of new political parties dominated by young Catholics and devoted to social justice. A glance at any recent pastoral letter of the Chilean hierarchy would show that the Church is demanding and encouraging this change of attitude. . . .

Chile is a wonderful little country, democratic as few Latin countries are anywhere in the world. It has tremendous problems, but both the Catholic Church and the Chilean people are doing their very best to find a solution. . . .

F. L. JOHNSON

SANTIAGO, CHILE

"THE MAN WITH THE SACK"

To the photographs on pages 27, 28, and 29 (November: "The Man With the Sack") you give the title "A Sign Picture Story." Indeed they are.

Imagine the wind, water, and temperature changes which have weathered the structure shown on page 27. Imagine the activity that has become history since the Coliseum made history. Imagine, finally, the destitution which would lead a man to take shelter in a place like that on page 29.

And then be thankful that there are people like the four in the smallest photo dedicated to the principle that each human body houses a soul.

It was a remarkable group of photos.

SOPHIE RUSSOY

ST. LOUIS, MO.

MRS. KERR

"Write a 'B' picture or play and get your life story in THE SIGN magazine, would be a good title for an article by someone with a good argument to solve.

In the November issue, Jean Kerr has her picture on the cover and a lot of good space in the magazine. For what? Writing *That Certain Feeling* which you can see listed as a "B" picture.

What argument can we give our two young nieces when we tell them it is a "B" picture so they cannot go. Here at last they have a solid argument to give "Well, it is written up in a Catholic magazine as good." You tell us please.

BARBARA MUELLER

CHICAGO, ILL.

Mrs. Kerr wrote the play "King of Hearts," on which the movie was based. The play was unobjectionable; Hollywood is responsible. (Continued on page 78)

JANUARY

1957



VOL. 36 NO. 6

The Sign

NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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COVER PHOTO BY MYRON DAVIS

Red is for Blood

DURING the Hungarian massacre, the Russian Reds cast aside the mask of humanity with which they had been facing the West and acted as the beasts they really are. In the streets of Budapest and in the villages and towns of Hungary, Red soldiers, armed with the murderous weapons of modern warfare, shot down in cold blood men, women, and children, workers, peasants, and students. Seldom have human annals had to record such a tale of treachery and deceit, cruelty, murder, and rapine.

Soviet atrocities in Hungary took much of the civilized world by surprise. They shouldn't have. The Reds were not doing anything unusual for them. In fact, they were running true to form. They were acting exactly as anyone who knows them could have been perfectly sure they would act.

We're not a prophet, but we called the turn on this page last June when the de-Stalinization program was in full swing and some innocents were beginning to think that the Red wolves were becoming lambs. After enumerating Stalin's crimes, we said—and we wish to repeat it now:

"Stalin didn't do all this alone. He couldn't. He operated through trusted lieutenants of the Communist party. And the more closely they cooperated with him the more he trusted them, and the more he trusted them the higher they moved in the ranks of the Party.

"Today, these are the men who control the Party. These are the men who are denouncing Stalin as a tyrant and a murderer. Khrushchev and Bulganin and Molotov and Mikoyan and all the rest of them can wash their hands and accuse their late master, but the blood of their victims is as red and accusing on their hands as on those of Stalin."

And now these murderers have added to the guilt they share with Stalin. Their hands drip with the blood of thousands of innocent and heroic Hungarians.

We should never forget this Red infamy and we should never let the rest of the world forget it. We should keep it before the forum of the United Nations day after day, week after week, month after month. If we have to bypass all other questions, except perhaps that of preservation of peace in the Middle East, we should insist that the U.N. keep this question constantly on the agenda.

We have detailed information on what happened in Hungary. We have on-the-scene accounts from the Western legations and from newspaper correspondents. We have the stories of the pitiable refugees who fled Hungary. Their stories, told one by one and in all their tragic details, could well occupy the attention of the General Assembly and of our propaganda agencies for months to come.

The story of the rape of Hungary gives the world a glimpse of the Reds in action. Many foreign Communists have found this affair intolerable and have left the Party. Others, certainly, have been alienated. Even Tito, who swallowed the whole rotten mess at first, couldn't keep it down and had to vomit it up. Nehru and Krishna Menon, his stooge at the U.N., shrugged it off at first and backed the Reds, but members of their own Congress Party were so outraged that they forced them to backtrack. The neutral nations who had been most indulgent toward Soviet Russia were nauseated by the brutality of Red conduct in Hungary.

The Reds have handed us a propaganda weapon of tremendous value. We shall be worse than fools if we do not use it for all it is worth.

WE owe it to the Hungarians who fought and died so bravely for their liberty to make sure the world does not forget their heroic sacrifices and the beastly behavior of their Soviet oppressors. We owe it to the rest of the free world to make sure that men everywhere are made to realize that if they relax their vigilance they will become the victims of the same tragic fate that befell the Hungarians. We owe it to ourselves to make sure that we maintain and increase our military power, the only force in the world for which the monsters in the Kremlin have any respect.

In the meantime we should work to make the U.N. more than a propaganda agency. We should strive to equip it with the political, economic, diplomatic, and military power necessary to prevent the recurrence of what has happened in Hungary.

Frather Ralph Gorman, C.P.



EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT

As we face the New Year, it is helpful to take stock of the major social problems which confront us. Some of these were debated during the recent campaign. Others, just as important, escaped attention. Probably the toughest problem ahead is that of keeping boom conditions without allowing inflation to get out of hand.

Our Collapsible Economic Boom

When President Eisenhower held his first press conference after the elections, he made a distinction which did not get the attention it deserved.

The President distinguished between two types of inflation. The first is caused by an excessive money supply and artificially low interest rates. This type—although the President did not say so—we had during and after the Second World War. The first Eisenhower administration firmly and wisely choked off the sources of credit inflation.

But there is a second type, the President said, that is caused by efforts to gain a bigger portion of the results of this nation's productivity. In simpler and more direct language, it is largely an effect of wage demands so steep that price increases are inevitable. In this context, the Secretary of Commerce asked for exceptional restraint in the matter of price increases or wage demands.

The really effective tools against inflation possessed by our

government are more suitable for dealing with the first type than the second. Credit control cannot hold down price rises when real costs are up as a result of wage demands that exceed productivity gains. Unfortunately, once prices start rising, it is almost impossible to stop an upward spiral.

This brings us to one of the issues which was never discussed during the recent campaign. That is the problem of internal power struggles in the labor movement and their effect upon the economy. It is no secret, for example, that union leaders in steel, automobiles, and coal keep a close watch on gains made by their competitors.

Restraint Needed

Each leader tries to outdo the other. The result is a series of demands that cannot be met out of profits and must lead to inflationary price rises.

We are not implying that profits in recent years have been skimpy. On the contrary, they have been very good. But, rightly or wrongly, many large firms today feel that they must finance expansion by withholding profits. They do not feel that adequate funds are available from the securities markets for this purpose. This is particularly true of steel. This industry must expand to meet the needs of our economy. But new facilities are very costly. Investors prefer



Egyptian youngster stands forlornly as British tank guards the rubble of a Port Said street. More than Egypt suffered from the adventure; so did the Western Alliance. As usual, no one gained more than Russia from division in the West

INTERLUDE IN HUNGARY



Cartoon



United Press

Raising the Hungarian Nationalist flag, a rebel talks to Budapest crowd. Then the rumors began to spread that Soviet tanks were returning



For two brief days, it seemed that Hungary's anti-Soviet rebels had won their fight for freedom. In that brief interlude, the rebels made haste to destroy every vestige of the Communist past. First to go was this statue of Stalin

other fields where returns are quicker and more certain.

The third major problem is that of recurring farm surpluses. Unless these surpluses can be moved and over-production curbed, prices for farm products will remain low. The result will be continuing rural discontent as an important segment of our population is by-passed by prosperity.

Each of these problems has one element in common. This element is what theologians call the common good, as contrasted with private interests. The general welfare of the nation demands that all co-operate to produce a stable and equitably shared prosperity. Only such prosperity is to the long-term interest of all Americans.

Under any circumstances, patriotism would demand common effort to bring this about. Present world tensions emphasize this demand with an added note of urgency.

On November 17, the Bishops of the United States, in their annual message, supported and commended the United Nations as a force for peace. Without discussing the evident

As Our Bishops See The United Nations

limitations of that organization, the Bishops expressed an awareness of its defects but asserted their belief that, in our present state of social evolution, it is as effective as could be expected—and it can be improved.

This is, perhaps, as fair an assay of the United Nations as could be made. Judged against what the American citizen would like it to be, the United Nations is a stumbling, ineffectual thing, a spinner of fine words rather than solid deeds, a judiciary group which has disappointed the idealist in practically every test it has been put to.

On the other hand, the United Nations—even considered as an extension of the League of Nations before it—is something new in the world, an infant association, without precedent, heir to no tested code for executing the peace function it has assigned itself.

Like infants, it is entitled to a period of babbling and gurgling and falling down and bumping its nose. Less fortunate than other infants, it has no "Mamma" and "Papa" to take it by the hand and show it how. It must grow up by the patience-taxing process of making clumsy mistakes.

Certain member nations have, from the beginning, displayed toward the organization a spirit as unfriendly and unco-operative as the family dog reserves for the mailman. They offer no present symptoms of a change of heart. But the others *can* grow up and each *needs* to grow up in its own special way. Each must adjust, instead of insisting that all the others adjust to it.

Small, backward nations must discard their jealousy of large, industrialized ones like the United States. They will have to forego their expensive and obstructive game of elegant bribery and blackmail—playing off the Soviet Union against the United States and vice versa, for what they can get out of it. They will have to speed up their acquisition and use of modern tools and techniques, compressing into mere decades the social development which used to drag out over a thousand years.

Colonial nations will have to surrender their last, wry hope of holding on to the meaty resources of peoples who insist on living their own lives and claiming their own wealth.

Large, modernized nations, like the United States, will have to be more pliant about interpreting the terms of their own sovereignty. They cannot expect to be permitted to vote hard obligations on others while being exempt from having undesirable obligations voted on them. This simply means that absolute independence in individuals can no more make a successful peace team than it can make a successful football team.

The Bishops do not imply that such a trim, laundered organization exists at present under the appellation, "United Nations." But an organization of that name and with that ambition does exist. It has done much good, though certainly not as much as the perfectionist would like. It needs to grow up. And it *can* grow up if the world works and waits patiently.

But it will never grow up if it is taken behind the barn and dispatched with a horse pistol—no matter how much of a perfectionist the executioner may be.



United Press

The rumors proved true and one by one centers of rebel resistance were wiped out while world watched



Gilloon

Hungary prayerfully mourned its rebel dead over candles lining the city streets on All Souls day. The flame of hope for freedom flickered, but will never die



Wide World

As the Red reign of terror continued, the flood of refugees increased. This scene was typical



United Press

As the revolt ran its course, Pope Pius pleaded for peace and blessed a mobile chapel to serve the refugees already streaming into Austria

The Holy Father evidently has a great affection for medical doctors. Recently, for the second time in seven years, he addressed them specifically, encouraging them in their professional ideals and reminding them of their unusually great obligations to society. What he said is perhaps even less significant than why he said it. The reason would seem to be this:

The Holy Father Likes M.D.'s

Of all natural vocations, medical practice is the most poignantly and dramatically merciful. In this sense, it bears a sacred connotation, something like motherhood or paternity. A patient is indebted to his doctor for his health and for his life, much as he is indebted to his mother and father. They gave him these benefits originally. His doctor preserves him in the possession of them.

True, there are worse afflictions than the bad health which is the doctor's chief concern. Ignorance and vice, for instance, are sorer handicaps than stomachaches and arthritis. But defects of education or moral control don't ordinarily leave one prostrated and panting with palpable misery as physical illness does. They do not so summarily drive the victim to the cultural or ethical therapist as his bodily pain drives him to the physician. And the patient doesn't surrender himself into their hands with the emphatic act of faith and hope which he reserves for his doctor.

No group of scientists has been more conscientiously busy with research and careful experiment than medical men. So much so that their findings have been given the formidable name "miracle drugs." Many diseases which once had a high

fatality or epidemic rating have been retired to the pathological museum to be looked at curiously by undergraduate therapists, much as high school naturalists look at dinosaur bones in their zoology book.

No wonder, then, that in his eyes his doctor is a special man in the community, an unofficial angel, an exponent of the finer flights of human enterprise, an exemplar of citizenship as it should be practiced. And no wonder, too, that the doctor, the recipient of all this public credit, has a special obligation not to disappoint and disedify the public.

Extracurricular Responsibility

The medical man—whose vocation is so much like that of a parent—has a power of example for good or evil which is much like that of a parent, also. This power must not be used against the public.

Our thought here is not to wag a warning finger at doctors and admonish them to behave themselves. We wish merely to note the high place they occupy in the esteem of the community and the powerful influence they can wield.

They are not only healers of the human body and the damaged human *psyche*. They are ethical exemplars, too. Patients insist on linking the function of healer with an all-round social integrity. For this reason, a doctor's personal goodness can do more than most to elevate the moral tone of the community. His personal defects can more powerfully set the public moral tone into a decline.

These—it seems to us—are some of the reasons why the Holy Father is so attentively fond of the fraternity.



The popular Doña Felisa Rincon de Gautier, Mayoress of San Juan, Puerto Rico (THE SIGN, November, 1956) greets her loyal supporters as they celebrate her re-election

United Press



C. J. Nuesse of the Catholic Association for Int'l Peace presents 1956 Peace Award to AEC Commissioner Thomas E. Murray. Center is Washington's Aux. Bishop Hannan

Religious News Photos



Three young women training to be lay missionaries chat with Maryknoll's Father John J. Considine at opening of the new Grail Institute for Overseas Service in Brooklyn

God. The Freethinkers of America are trying to force the State Education Commissioner of New York to remove the words "under God" from the approved public school version of the pledge of allegiance to the flag. They wish to protect "children of tender years" from exposure to religious dogma—by exposing them to irreligious dogma. The Pope, meanwhile, in his eloquent plea for peace, cried out: "God! God! God! May this ineffable Name, font of all right, justice, and freedom, resound in parliaments and public squares, in homes and in factories, on the lips of intellectuals and of manual workers, in the press and over the radio."

Love. Commenting on the terrible persecution of Hungary, the *New York Times* editorialized: "We shall not forget. And out of hatred and tears is born the resolve to carry forward the struggle till freedom is triumphant." Certainly we should be morally indignant at such crimes. Certainly we should be profoundly sympathetic at such sufferings. Certainly we should be firmly resolved to aid these people and to resist all oppression. But it would be unfortunate if, in the struggle for freedom, we based that struggle on hate. The world is too full of hate. And moral integrity does not need it, in fact cannot stand it. Moral ideals must be based on love, love for God and love for all men in God.

Humility. The Supreme Court invalidated Alabama's segregated public transportation. One of the Negro leaders of Montgomery's boycott, the Rev. Dr. King, pastor of a local Baptist Church, told some 10,000 Negroes: "All along we have sought to carry out the protest on high moral standards. . . . I hope nobody will go back with undue arrogance. If you do, our struggle will be lost all over the South. Go back with humility and meekness." Such words deserve high praise.

The Laity, Again. At a recent Notre Dame conference for priest moderators of diocesan councils of Catholic men, Bishop Leo A. Pursley, Apostolic Administrator of the Fort Wayne Diocese, asked some searching questions about the role of the laity in the American Church. Commenting on the remark of a visiting bishop that "the Church in America is too much a Church of the clergy, too little of the laity," Bishop Pursley asked: "Is it true . . . that we have denied the laity the opportunity to demonstrate their love and loyalty toward the Church, that we have tied them tightly to our clerical apron strings . . . ?" The bishop gave no answers, suggesting merely that these questions be "studied in the cold light of facts." Such a study, we think, has considerable merit. There has been a great deal of discussion in vague theoretical terms about the role of the laity; but until we come to grips with the question in terms of its concrete realities, not much can be expected to come of it.

Teachers, A Case in Point. A recent article in *Ave Maria* is a step toward the type of study recommended by Bishop Pursley. Surveying the attitudes of lay teachers toward their jobs in Catholic schools, the article reveals that among the chief complaints of lay teachers are: 1. Inadequate payment (68 per cent complained of this); 2. Lack of contracts assuring tenure, sick leaves, and health benefits; 3. Lack of lay participation in faculty conferences; and 4. Unfriendly attitude toward lay teachers in some schools. There is no question that our schools must make greater use of lay teachers in the years to come. It would be a tragedy indeed if this trend were accepted only grudgingly. Our lay teachers must be made to feel welcome, must be given status and a chance for professional advancement, must be paid the same living wage that the Church advocates for every worker. Anything else would be a mockery of the social teachings of the Church and of the truth that the Church is a Church of the laity, too.

Prince Among Men



*An intimate portrait of Samuel Cardinal Stritch,
shepherd of the Archdiocese of Chicago*

by DAN HERR

THERE IS A SAYING in Chicago, "God looks after His little man." The "little man," as almost anyone there will tell you, is Samuel Alphonsus Stritch, Cardinal-Priest, Archbishop of Chicago, spiritual leader of the largest archdiocese in the United States.

The startling contrast between this white-haired, gentle, soft-voiced man of slight stature and his prodigious, brawny archdiocese (1,411 square miles with more than two million Catholics, 2500 priests, and 7500 Sisters) is only one

of the many paradoxes to be found in the life of Cardinal Stritch.

Despite more than thirty years in the North, Cardinal Stritch remains a true Southerner in heart, in manner, and in speech, and yet he is fervently devoted to the fight for interracial justice. Chicago is traditionally the heart of isolationist America, yet its Archbishop is known everywhere for his knowledge of international affairs, for his support of the United Nations, and for his world-wide vision.

Chicago is a city where the spluttering intrigue of politicians is probably more responsible for the term "windy city" than the winds off Lake Michigan, yet no midwestern Skellington has ever managed to cling to the Cardinal's train (his first policy change for the diocesan newspaper was to forbid political advertising and to prohibit pictures of politicians, no matter how newsworthy, three months before an election).

By reputation a conservative, Cardinal Stritch has been a friend of labor for many years and has made his archdiocese the American center of new and dynamic apostolic lay groups, some of which still cause nervous twittings among the more hidebound clerics and laymen. He is famed for his love of people and his delight in being with them, but he is probably the loneliest man in this huge city.

Since his appointment as Archbishop of Chicago in 1939, Cardinal Stritch has dedicated himself to serving his Church and his people. He has established fifty new parishes to meet the needs of the ever-growing and ever-changing population. The work of the Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese has been doubled in the last decade, extended and expanded to cope with the increasing multiplicity of problems. Today, a vital network of organizations and institutions serves the sick, the needy, and the handicapped at a cost of more than \$8 million a year. Over 2,000 displaced persons owe their opportunity of beginning life anew in America to him. Thousands of deaf, blind, mentally retarded, and other handicapped children are receiv-

ing help because of him. For new high schools and facilities for teachers, 95 million dollars has been spent in the last ten years and buildings which will cost 13 million dollars more are now in various stages of planning and construction.

When confronted with the record of these and other equally impressive accomplishments, Cardinal Stritch is inclined to minimize his part in them, recalling an old Latin proverb which, freely translated, reads, "What has been accomplished by others is considered to be the work of the reigning Pontiff himself." But humility cannot obscure the facts. These achievements are the direct results—with the enthusiastic help of his priests and his people, of course—of sixteen back-breaking, knee-callusing, and brain-pressuring years. At sixty-nine, despite the pleas of relatives and friends, he refuses to lessen the pace. His answer to them is always the same, "There is so much to be done."

Cardinal Stritch lives in a quaint, thirty-room, red-brick mansion on Chicago's North State Street, opposite Lincoln Park. Built by Archbishop Feehan in 1880, the house has a gloomy air both outside and in. Except for the chapel and the Cardinal's suite, it remains a relict of the Victorian era; the solid furniture, the huge gilt frames, the massive grandfather's clock, the crystal chandeliers, the lace curtains and red-velvet draperies seem to be the trappings of a museum. A visitor unconsciously keeps his voice low in respect for the past. The quill pen on the desk in the reception room appears much

more at home than does the modern ash tray.

Cardinal Stritch, in answer to the clang of his alarm clock, begins his day about eight o'clock. He offers his Mass in his private chapel at eight-thirty with the four Sisters of St. Francis who staff his house in attendance. Following his meditation, he occupies himself with breakfast and the morning papers. Breakfast, however, plays a poor second to the news. It usually consists of only a cup of coffee; rarely would it measure up to what most people consider breakfast.

What the Cardinal eats, or rather what he doesn't eat, has long been a source of wonder and consternation among his associates. His lunch, at most, will be a cup of coffee and a sandwich and sometimes only a cup of coffee and a cigarette. At night, his "big meal" offers more in variety but little more in quantity. His food preferences point to his Southern background and his years in Rome—ham, turnip-greens, hominy-grits, spaghetti, ravioli, and pork in all its forms. "I hope you like pork chops," the Cardinal told his new priest-secretary at their first meal together, "because we have a lot of them. I was raised on pork chops."

Soon after breakfast on a normal day, Cardinal Stritch leaves for the Chancery Office in his 1955 Cadillac (bearing Illinois license plates No. 1, a trophy coveted by souvenir hunters) driven by his chauffeur, Bill Gibbons. A taciturn Irishman, Gibbons has been driving Chicago's Archbishops for twenty-six years and with his family lives in a



Cardinal Stritch at one of the public appearances on his schedule. He has about 500 a year



In February of 1946, Archbishop Stritch was created a Cardinal. He is shown here during the consistory in Rome as he accepts the Red hat from the Vatican Emissary Emanuele Toraldo di Francia

residence behind the Cardinal's home.

The Chancery Office, a few blocks north of Chicago's Loop, is a drab, two-story brick building painted gray. At one time the home of the German Consulate, today it more nearly resembles a settlement house (which would not be out of place in this neighborhood) or a building that was overlooked in the rush of progress than the command post for this bustling archdiocese. Waiting for Cardinal Stritch on the second floor is his lay secretary, Dan Ryan, a man with a rare combination of efficiency and good humor. Waiting for him, too, is that large part of the Cardinal's mail which goes to the Chancery Office. Dictating slowly, quietly, and precisely, the Cardinal disposes of those letters which can be answered immediately and those from previous days which required additional information. During this time and throughout the morning, he may confer briefly with his Vicar General, Monsignor George Casey, and his Chancellor, Monsignor Edward Burke, through whom the Cardinal handles the vast administrative problems of his archdiocese.

About ten visitors a day await the Cardinal, many of them pastors or directors of the many organizations and institutions of the Archdiocese, but a large proportion of laymen, too. Although a number of his visitors have promised that their business can be accomplished in a few minutes, it is the rare one who lives up to his promise. The manner in which the Cardinal handles these visitors is a marvel to behold. One associate who has hobnobbed with



The newly created Cardinal pledges obedience to the Holy Father

career diplomats from all over the world claims that most statesmen "look like amateurs compared to His Eminence. He's a Roman diplomat with a touch of black-eyed peas and hominy-grits."

Ordinarily, the Cardinal is finished with his appointments by 2:00 and is ready to return home. Not infrequently, however, they run much later—sometimes until three or four o'clock with no lunch-time intervening. After lunch at home, which, like breakfast, he eats alone, his schedule depends upon his evening plans. If a public appearance is on his calendar, he will devote this time to praying the divine office; if the evening is free, he will enjoy a short siesta. The Cardinal has a remarkable talent for going to sleep quickly

and awakening, in a short time, completely refreshed, a talent which helps see him through his heavy schedule. In either event, he will pause briefly for prayer in his chapel, as is his custom throughout the day.

Now he must face the correspondence at home (another twenty-five to fifty letters), a deluge of reports on diocesan, national, and international problems, the preparation of pastoral letters, formal speeches, and statements and the flood of newspapers, magazines, and books which he strives to keep up with. He has a fabulous memory and can quote what he reads years later.

Much of his correspondence he will dictate in his comfortable, book-lined study (ordinarily using a dictating machine) for Sister Mary Alacoque, his



Cardinal Stritch passes through the "Hall of the Swiss Guards," as the guards stand at attention

At the grotto of Notre Dame University, Cardinal Stritch pleads earnestly for more public prayers for vocations

The Cardinal instructs the leaders who participated in a Procession of Nations in Chicago during the Marian Year



At one of his many public appearances, the Cardinal grants diplomas

In Nettuno, Cardinal Stritch prays at the graves of American soldiers

Cardinal principle: "We must work on a basis of full integration"



secretary at home; the rest he will type himself. Every serious letter receives a personal reply; even birthday cards and postcards are customarily acknowledged. Important statements and speeches, he nearly always types himself, composing as he types. He is a two-fingered typist, long on speed but short on accuracy. Compared to his handwriting, however, which even he has difficulty deciphering the next day, his typing is admirable. His other weakness in this area is punctuation, the complexities of which he is inclined not to bother with. He enjoys typing and thinks nothing of an eight-hour session at his keyboard.

Although most punctual in his public appearances, the Cardinal has a much more leisurely approach toward his personal schedule, and the time for dinner, like the time for other meals, is not rigidly fixed. The resonant dinner gong usually goes unacknowledged until one of the Sisters informs him that dinner is ready. He just doesn't hear it. To reach the stairway to the dining room from his suite requires a turn to the right, but even now, after sixteen years, he will periodically be so absorbed with his problems that he will make the wrong turn and end up in the statuary and palms which lie in the other direction.

He displays a similar preoccupation in the matter of his personal appearance. To persuade him to buy a new suit requires an organized campaign of long duration. And through the years his secretaries have had to devise weird and original stratagems in order to get him to a barber. They must continually think of new ways to outwit his delaying tactics.

Except for the rare occasions when the Cardinal entertains, he dines with Monsignor James Hardiman, his Secretary, Master of Ceremonies, and Vice Chancellor, who shares the home with him. Conversation at dinner may range from problems and news of the archdiocese to recent exploits of the Chicago and Milwaukee baseball teams, which the Cardinal, probably in self-defense, has learned to show some interest in. Dinner seldom lasts more than forty-five minutes; then the Cardinal goes back to his desk, where he works until anywhere from eleven p.m. to two a.m. After his work is finished—or at least that portion of it he had planned to finish—he may relax by watching a TV program, reading the comic strips, or doing a crossword puzzle. Just as likely, he may find relaxation in reading Dante in Italian.

Cardinal Stritch makes between 400 and 500 public appearances a year—usually booked months in advance—a fact deplored by his associates, who feel

that he gives too freely of himself. These appearances include ordinations, confirmations, dedications, funerals of his priests (he attends all of these), conventions (and Chicago being a convention city these are always with him), meetings, graduations, anniversaries, and miscellaneous celebrations.

The Cardinal is a remarkable extemporaneous speaker—more effective than when he speaks from a manuscript, for then he is inclined to belabor his arguments. He is anxious to leave a worthwhile message with his audience, and he is unhappy when he is forced to listen to speakers "who are just talking and have nothing to say." Recently, after delivering an extraordinarily fine analysis of a complex problem, he was enthusiastically greeted by a lady listener who told him, "It was just wonderful, Your Eminence. With you, it's not what you say but how you say it." The Cardinal accepted the "compliment" with his usual graciousness.

This daily routine is interrupted by his annual retreat at St. Mary of the Lake Seminary, by official visits to all parts of the country (to attend meetings, jubilee celebrations, consecrations, etc.), and, each winter, by a vacation in Florida. Those who accompany him claim that his is not their idea of a vacation because he takes his problems with him, his mail follows him there, and he is never far away from his archdiocese. Some claim he does not know how to relax. He admits this might be true, adding, "I'm an old man, too old to learn now."

Archbishop William O'Brien (whom the Cardinal calls "Junie" in recognition of his position as Junior Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago and despite his age which is seventy-eight) is credited with persuading the Cardinal to take up golf for his health. Archbishop O'Brien stoutly maintains that the Cardinal is "the most perfect golfer in the hierarchy, remembering, of course, that perfection is defined as that which cannot be improved upon." Another friend, when questioned about the Cardinal's golfing skill, replied, "Just about what you'd expect." His infrequent visits to a golf course, despite his good resolutions, are becoming even less frequent.

Samuel Alphonsus Stritch, the seventh of eight children, was born in Nashville, Tennessee, August 17, 1887. His father, Garrett Stritch, the son of an Irish schoolmaster from County Kerry, had come to Nashville in the seventies. His mother was also of Irish extraction but was born in the United States. When

Samuel was only eight years old, his father died and his mother, who proved to be a most capable manager, raised her family alone. Though the Stritches never knew want, they never knew luxury either.

When he was ten, Samuel first began to think of the priesthood, and when he was thirteen it became "an all-absorbing desire." He transferred from the second year of his parochial high school to St. Gregory's Preparatory Seminary in Cincinnati, Ohio. (He is still remembered by his classmates there for, among other worthier accomplishments, a superb rendition of the title role in *Little Lord Fauntleroy*.)

When he was sixteen, Bishop Thomas Byrne of Nashville sent him to the North American College in Rome. His arrival there, dressed in knickers and looking even younger than he was, occasioned some surprise. The memory of the six happy years in Rome still bring a glow to his cheeks. His reputation as an intellectual (one of the all-time scholars of the College) was soon established as was his complete and obvious lack of talent for sports. "While the rest of us played baseball," says one

• Adolescence is the age at which children stop asking questions because they know all the answers.—
Saturday Evening Post

alumnus, "he walked or sat under a tree, reading all thirty volumes of Pastor's *History of the Popes*."

The Cardinal (with that sensitivity common to all American intellectuals who are never quite reconciled to the fact that they were washouts on the sports field) insists that sports held no interest for him. He does not recall that he was the last man chosen for any game as has been rumored, but he does recollect that he was always the first candidate for the annual game between the "terribles" and the "horribles." He did delight in his job as college sacristan, giving the altars and the sacred vessels hours of loving care and devotion. Years later, when he returned to Rome with a classmate, he confided, "You know, I think I kept the altars much better in my day."

By special dispensation of Pope Pius X, young Stritch was ordained May 21, 1910, at the age of twenty-two (the required age being twenty-four). Soon after, he received the degrees of Doctor of Philosophy and Doctor of Sacred Theology and left Rome for Nashville. Looking back, Cardinal Stritch believes

that "even more than the great value of my studies was the reality which Rome gave me of the catholicity of the Church. Seeing all nations and all races there in the center of Catholic life made a lasting impression on me. In Rome I realized, too, that there is a world outside the United States, although I never ceased to be fervently in love with my own country. The feeling I gained there of solidarity with people all over the world has never left me."

Nor did he ever forget his admiration for Pope Pius X, who became for him a model to live by. "You felt," he fondly recalls, "that you were in the presence of one who, to see you, had just stepped out of the presence of God." He remembers vividly the last words he and his classmates heard from the Holy Father: "Come back, come back to Rome. If you don't find this poor old Pope, you will find another dressed in white and it will be just the same."

Father Stritch spent six years in parish work in Nashville and Memphis. He was appointed Secretary to Bishop Byrne in 1916 and, thereafter, Superintendent of Schools and Chancellor of the Diocese. In May of 1921, he was honored by being named a Domestic Prelate. Three months later Benedict XV selected him to be the Bishop of the Toledo, Ohio, diocese. At thirty-four, he was the youngest member of the hierarchy in the world.

The years in Toledo were peaceful and happy. To the young Bishop, coming from an area where Catholics were a struggling minority, the large country parishes that were vibrant centers of Catholic life never ceased to be a source of joy. While in Toledo, he established seven new parishes, the first diocesan teacher's college in the country, a million dollar Central Catholic High School, and built the magnificent Holy Rosary Cathedral.

The first grim days of the depression in 1930 almost coincided with his appointment as Archbishop of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. An industrial and manufacturing community, Milwaukee was to suffer deeply during the depression, and the Archbishop suffered with his people. To meet the pressing need for charity and to help alleviate the human misery surrounding him, Archbishop Stritch inaugurated Milwaukee's first Catholic Charity drive (a campaign that, to the surprise of everyone, raised \$75,000) and rapidly expanded necessary charitable activities.

To raise this money, Archbishop Stritch each year visited all nineteen counties in his archdiocese, in addition to his regular schedule ("I am going out with my tin cup," he would say).

(Continued on page 75.)

DAN HERR, president of the Thomas More Association and columnist-critic for *Books on Trial*, has published articles in the *Saturday Evening Post* and other leading publications.

First Chance

by Robert Cormier

Kiely had never drawn his pistol. Now he had spotted a killer. Could he take him alone?

HE had just returned from taking Joe Yebo home as usual to the room over Harry's Cut-Rate Store and was about to plod down to the call-box at the corner of North Main and Mechanic to make his ring to headquarters when he spotted the furtive figure across the street, clinging to the shadows. Instinctively, Kiely withdrew into the darkness between Babe's Delicatessen and Sandro's Barber Shop.

The figure hurried along the sidewalk, noiseless, flitting between light and shadow. Then, the form emerged for a solitary instant into the glare of the street light and Kiely, accustomed to sifting out small things in the night, saw the pinched, white scar along the jaw.

It's him, Kiely thought wildly, jarred suddenly as if he had walked into a glass door, sight normal but his body startled by an impact.

Kiely watched, helpless with fascination, as the figure continued along the sidewalk. Spreckles. There's a thousand cops looking for him all over the state and he's right here, right here, Kiely whispered silently. He craned his neck as he watched Spreckles hesitate and halt before the door that opened on the stairway that led to the rented rooms above Harry's store where he had left Joe Yebo a few minutes ago. A moment later, Spreckles had vanished through the doorway.

Kiely walked cautiously down the street, remaining on the same side. He found a night-shaded spot across from Harry's, and his eyes, slitted and watchful, lifted to the second floor. Soon, chinks of light penetrated the tightly-drawn window shade in a corner window. That's where he is, Kiely muttered to himself, in one of Harry's rooms. Harry, half blind and sick, probably didn't even recognize him.

Kiely relaxed and a grateful shudder rattled through his body. He realized

that the palms of his hands were wet. The chimes in the North Congregational church down the street chipped twice at the frosty night. For some reason, he was reluctant to move. Blood was racing through his veins and his heart seemed too big for his chest and he knew he should be hurrying to the box to wake up sleepy George France, the desk man at headquarters, telling him to send assistance. Tell him that Spreckles is here, Spreckles who killed that prison guard.

Instead, he found himself thinking . . . funny, you come to work tonight just like any other night, pulling door handles and taking poor Joe Yebo home before the wise boys in the Welcome Bar start getting funny with him because he hasn't got all his marbles, and settling another family argument at the Stones, and trying to keep warm in a deserted hallway, and all the time Spreckles is here.

He thought suddenly of Ellie at home, sleeping, one arm dangling from the bed to the floor so that the arm fell asleep, waking her up. Kidding her. First you're asleep, kid, and the arm's awake; then you wake up and the arm's asleep. He still couldn't resist calling her kid even though they'd been married eighteen, nineteen years. All those years of her sleeping alone at night, putting up with the crazy hours and the lousy pay, and always postponing buying the new parlor set. Just as well they never had kids.

He caught himself up short. What are you doing standing here, thinking of parlor sets and kids you'll never have when Spreckles is up there waiting? Get down to that call box, Kiely.

That was the moment the idea blossomed in his mind or, rather, when he allowed the seed that had been nursed in the deep soil of his thoughts to sprout above the surface. Go up there and take him yourself. Kick that door in and muzzle him good.

Twenty years a cop and never anything like this, never a chance like this. Twenty years of pounding Route Nine, the second-hand rummage stores, and the back alleys and never a chance for a man to find out what he's made of. Just the neighborhood squabbles and listening to a thousand sad stories and trying to set a few kids straight like little Johnny Andrews that he had sent home with a swift kick in the rear when he found him trying to jimmy a door with his father's screwdriver, Johnny who was singing in the church choir now. A lifetime of pounding the beat, getting to know the lonely places, living on the outskirts of life, never belonging with the crowd, picking up the pieces of tragedy and bringing them home to people, like when Art Casey's boy got hit by the car and somebody had to tell him. A lifetime without a kid of your own to sing in the choir.

Kiely's hand strayed to his right side, slapped the holster, feeling the bulge of the revolver inside. He tried to remember the last time he had drawn the pistol on the beat. Never, he chuckled mirthlessly. His eyes scanned the building across the street, picturing the dim hallway inside, the rear exit that opened on Bottle Alley. Let's see, he thought, Joe Yebo's room is on the top floor, the third floor, at the head of the stairs. Old Harry is in the third floor, front. Both safe enough. And Spreckles is waiting up there on the second floor. I'm not calling anybody for help, he decided suddenly.

The decision pushed him from the harbor of darkness and he stalked across the street, slowly, head down, not looking up at the window, in the event Spreckles, whom he remembered as cunning the way an animal is cunning, looked out. The thought of Ellie intruded, pushing into his mind, a habit he had always enjoyed, usually a bit of warmth on a cold night. But he didn't



Kiely reached the top of the stairs and hesitated

ILLUSTRATED BY DOM LUFO

want to think of her now. The sweet face, not beautiful, but sweet, the kind of beauty, if it was beauty at all, that deepened with the years. He reached the door behind which Spreckles had vanished and paused.

Last chance, he told himself. Last chance to turn tail and get down to that call box. He grimaced, annoyed at his uncertainty. First chance to make something out of being a cop, a real cop, give some meaning to the long years. Taking Spreckles would do that. Spreckles who went up for life when he killed that old storekeeper in Boston,

Spreckles who killed that guard. He hadn't been in town since he first went to reform school fifteen years before but he had returned now. Fate, Kiely muttered. Coming home to be bagged by me.

He pulled the door open and, for some reason, sprinted up the stairs two at a time, foolishly proud that the forty-three-year-old bones didn't protest. He reached the top of the stairs and hesitated. The door to Spreckles' room loomed at the far end of the hallway. The stairs continued at the right to the third floor landing where Joe Yebo and

old Harry slept peacefully, he hoped. Spreckles was down there, behind that door, not the kid with the sneer that Kiely had chased out of the poolroom but the grown-up Spreckles. The killer Spreckles. You're a fool, Kiely, he argued with himself, get out of here. Nobody'll know the difference.

But all the time he found himself walking toward the door, studying the flaked, brown varnish and the thin rectangle of light on the floor at the bottom of the door. What fools we mortals be, Kiely thought for some reason wondering where he had read that,

seemed like in a comic strip or something.

He arrived at the door, tired as if he had just climbed six flights of stairs, and he could hear the sound of his own breathing. If only I didn't have all these clothes on, he thought, if I could take off this jacket. Crazy, he whispered, crazy . . .

He remembered suddenly, sheepishly, that his pistol still remained in the holster. He unbuttoned the leather holster and drew out the revolver, prepared it. The metal felt cool; the weapon was strangely heavy.

Plunge. He rapped on the door, hard-soft, and immediately flung himself aside, against the wall beside the door. "Come on out, boy," he shouted, surprised to find that his voice didn't quiver, that it echoed authority. "It's the law, boy, we got you surrounded. Come out, peaceful, with those hands in the air . . ." Suddenly he felt, of all things, lonely. Nobody should ever be lonely like this, he thought.

He strained, listening, nerves taut as a new clothesline. The dim hallway bulb, dangling from the ceiling on a snake-like wire, chilled the silence.

His reflexes leaped as he heard the sudden slapping and flapping of a window shade rolling up, the sound trailing into silence. He's checking the street, Kiely thought, and the shade got away from him, double-crossed him.

"Come on in," a voice called from within the room. Kiely measured the voice and his forehead creased in puzzlement. "The door's not locked, I'm tired of running," Spreckles said. The lack of any taunt in the voice confused Kiely.

He felt weary. His hand, veined like an old leaf, trembled slightly as he rubbed his chin. "Come out, boy," he called, automatically responding, his voice guarded now. He felt as if he was doing everything wrong.

He heard a movement behind him and his stomach loosened sickeningly. "Kiely," a voice whispered, "what's . . . what's going on?"

Kiely half-turned, saw Joe Yebo huddled in the folds of a faded bathrobe, his eyes blinking away sleep and beer.

"Get back upstairs, Joe," Kiely urged desperately. "Get under the bed. Spreckles is in there—remember Spreckles?—he's in there and I've got to take him in . . ."

A flash of fear lit up Joe's red-rimmed eyes, his lower lip fluttered. He backed away, shaking his head, and then ran quietly down the hall and up the stairs. Kiely watched him go with a slight sense of misgiving.

He turned toward the door of the killer's room once again. "Okay, boy,"

he yelled. "Come out with the hands high. Easy does it . . ."

Kiely waited and he didn't realize he was praying until his lips stumbled silently on . . . "our trespasses . . ." His ears caught the sound of footsteps shuffling toward the door from inside the room. He braced himself against the wall, placing his cheek flat against the rough exterior of the plaster.

A crack of light slanted into the hallway as the door opened slightly. The crack grew larger and the crevice of light was filled gradually with a shadow that fell across the hall floor and the wall opposite the door. Kiely's eyes betrayed him and he found himself watching the shadow as it grew, grotesque and giant-like, in stature.

He was aroused suddenly, startled by a sense of imminent danger and in the next split-second he realized that the shadow did not reveal any arms in the air, and a part of the dark patch on the floor looked dangerously like a gun, misshapen but still a gun, dangling from a hand.

The thin, wolf-sharp features of the

ALCOHOLIC: One who drinks between drinks.—Irish Digest

killer appeared at the same instant that he heard the report of gunfire, close by, too close, and something tore at his right side, a fiery claw gouged him.

Instinct alone forced him to bring his arm up slowly, much too slowly, heavily, as Spreckles began a headlong flight down the hallway toward the stairs. Kiely did not realize that he had squeezed the trigger until the sound bounced flatly off the walls, surprising him, and Spreckles halted, suspended for a moment in mid-air, a puppet deserted by the unseen hand that guides it, until one leg crumbled under him and he pitched forward, falling to the floor.

Kiely felt himself sliding gently down against the wall until he was sitting on the floor, knees jackknifed. He did not feel any pain, but a sickness crept through his body and he began shaking. He felt lazy, unconcerned with all this, Spreckles or anybody, as if he were watching the whole thing from a distance.

Not really caring, he turned his eyes toward Spreckles at the bottom of the third floor stairs . . . and his veins turned into a thousand snakes of fear.

To his horror, he saw the killer raise himself to a crouching position, saw the animal in his eyes, the spittle on his lips, and both hands raising slowly, hands with fingers locked sav-

agely around the gun, the gun in a deadly aim at him.

Kiely tried to move but he was pinned to the floor, an eerie warmth creeping through his loins. His only thought, edged with hysteria and an odd sadness, a desperate pleading sadness was: No kids to leave, no kids to leave. And the awful, final loneliness.

Then, as if he were peering through the wrong end of a telescope, he saw the crazy, improbable figure of Joe Yebo at the top of the stairs behind Spreckles, Joe Yebo with a pipe wrench in his hands, above his head, the biggest pipe wrench Kiely had ever seen.

Joe Yebo flung the wrench, standing on tip-toe, and the weapon, for it had become a weapon now, sailed through the air in a wobbly arch, struck the wall beside Spreckles and clattered to the floor. The noise of the impact of the wrench on the wall jerked Spreckles from his crouch. His head whirled, eyes puzzled and frightened suddenly, and the effort seemed to drain his strength. He crumpled over the gun, his head banging dully against the floor.

Kiely felt a sweet stirring of love and hope and happiness inside and all the emotions blended into a warm, comfortable darkness . . .

Later, much later, after they had all left the hospital, left him there in the high bed, the sweetness of it all returned to him. But it had nothing to do with the chief who had gently chided him, called him a real man, saying something about the pride of the force. The sweetness had no connection with the reporters—even old Abe Norton, the publisher had dropped into the room—or the flowers that Mayor Kearns had sent.

He had wanted to share it with Ellie, this secret knowledge that he now hugged close but the doctor had insisted that she leave for a while. He had wanted to tell her a lot of things, mixed-up things that made sense, somehow. Things like being a part of people all the time without realizing it, people who cared about you in their own way, like Joe Yebo who didn't hide under a bed after all. Just because you took him home to his room at night sometimes. He wanted to tell her about settling the family arguments and having to bring bad news once in a while to people and trying to do it gently, and patching up a kid's torn life by getting him to join a choir, and how it all adds up to a lifetime. And that taking in a killer doesn't make a lifetime.

The loneliness was gone although he was alone and the room was still, the hospital sounds muted. Kiely closed his eyes, waiting for Ellie to return.

The Cross and Courage

Christ on the Cross is our Hero. We must keep our eyes on Him and imitate Him

by **BERTRAND WEAVER, C. P.**

Suppose somebody thrusts into the hand of a boy whose pockets are bulging with pictures of baseball, football, and western heroes, one of those saccharine misrepresentations of Christ which, except for the beard, could be a picture of the Magdalene. Is the boy to be blamed if he fails to see behind this caricature the greatest Hero who ever lived, a Hero whose exploits were so magnificent that they make those of other heroes, real or fictional, look rather puny?

One of the effects of such false portrayals of the world's Saviour is that those who are raised on such fare will find it difficult to visualize Christ as

their heroic Leader in the battle of life. Anything that obscures the fact that Christ should be the inspiration and source of our courage in the warfare of earthly life only plays into the hands of His enemies and ours.

In the Old Testament, Job stated that "the life of man on earth is a warfare." And that warrior St. Paul never allowed the first members of the Church to forget that they were part of the fighting Church, the *Church Militant*. Writing to one of the leaders in the Church's battle, Timothy, he urged him to "fight the good fight of the faith." He recalled to the recipients of his let-

ters the great battlers for God who had preceded them and the example of their heroic Captain, whose great battle was fought and won on Calvary's height.

"Therefore, let us also," he wrote to the Hebrews, "having such a cloud of witnesses over us, put away every encumbrance and the sin entangling us, and *run with patience to the fight* set before us, looking toward the author and finisher of faith, Jesus, who . . . endured a Cross." He reminds them that, unlike their Master, they "have not yet resisted unto blood in the struggle with sin."

The theme of Christ engaged in



heroic combat during His Passion contains such possibilities for development that it is surprising that the idea has not been used more often in Christian literature. An unknown author of the early eighth century shows what can be done with such a theme in his moving *Dream of the Holy Rood*:

"Stripped they the young Hero, yea
God Almighty,

Steadfast and strong, climbed He the
Rood.

Courageous in man's sight, whom He
sought to save.

Truly then I trembled, as the Youth
embraced me.

But I dared not bend, nor drop my
burden.

For I should stand fast.

I, the Rood, was raised. Heaved I up
the Hero.

Thé King, the great God. To bend
I did not dare.

Dark nails they drove me through;
the marks may still be seen . . ."

Francis Thompson may have been influenced by such earlier writing when he addressed Christ thus:

"O Captain of the wars, whence won
Ye so great scars?

In what fight did Ye smite and what
manner was the foe?

Was it on a day of rout they com-
passed Thee about.

Or gat Ye these adornings when Ye
wrought their overthrow?"

There used to be a television program called "Greatest Fights of the Century," the heroes of which were boxers, remembered and revered by a scattering of men of the older generations. In a few decades hardly anybody will remember them, and their only service may be to help somebody in 2000 A.D. win the sixty-four million dollar question. But the fight of the centuries, fought on a small hill outside Jerusalem nineteen hundred years ago, is kept in daily remembrance, without the help of television, by hundreds of millions of men and women. And the Hero of that fight is loved and adored, in the literal sense of those words, by people everywhere and will be so held in affection and reverence, not only until the end of the world but through the endless ages of eternity.

This fight was prepared for on the Mount of Olives, where our heroic Captain made a last-minute study of the plans for the only really decisive battle in human history. There he saw that victory could be achieved only when He had fallen mortally wounded. Having completed His plans and preparation, He plunged into the fray by saying to His Apostles: "Rise, let us go. Behold, he who betrays Me is at hand."

We show little discernment if we sup-

pose that it was easier for Christ to endure the Cross than it would be for us to go through such a harrowing ordeal. Let us not suppose that His being God blunted the edges of the pain that pressed in on Him from every side. The fact is that His Divinity and the perfection of the human nature which He had united to His Godhead only sharpened the atrocious torture of His Crucifixion. It can be said that because He was God, He suffered the agony of Crucifixion twice. On Mount Olivet, where He envisioned every brutal detail of what awaited Him so vividly that He sweated blood, He was crucified in mind and soul. On Mount Calvary the savage torments from which He had recoiled in Gethsemani became a bloody reality.

The fact that Christ endured the Cross while innocent makes His heroism all the greater. People generally accept with stoicism suffering which they have brought on themselves. An illustration of this attitude is found in the remarkably frank statement of the Good Thief to his companion on the other cross: "We receive what our deeds deserve." St. Peter refers to this acceptance of suffering on the part of the guilty when he says: "For what is the glory if, when you sin and are buffeted, you endure it?" He then goes on to emphasize that Christ left us an example of suffering while innocent, recalling the prophecy of Isaiah concerning the Redeemer, "Who did no sin, neither was deceit found in His mouth."

ANOTHER factor that throws the Heroism of Our Lord into greater relief is that He not only offered His life for others, but sacrificed it for those who were unworthy. St. Paul makes note of this when he writes: "Scarcely in behalf of a just man does one die; yet perhaps one might bring himself to die for a good man. But, when as yet we were sinners, Christ died for us."

It is hardly surprising that the Church which sprang from the bleeding side of her heroic Saviour should have sent marching down the ages an unending procession of heroic men, women, and children. Imitators of the fortitude of Christ have come from every class. His Church has given the world heroic apostles and martyrs, heroic popes, bishops, and priests, heroic founders of religious orders, heroic monks and nuns, heroic kings and peasants, heroic statesmen, physicians, writers, and artisans, heroic husbands, wives, and children.

Our own time has surely not been the least notable in the history of the Church for its production of men and women of towering courage and fortitude. The Canadian-born Bishop of one of the

most difficult mission territories in China wrote on this theme twenty years ago, not realizing perhaps that what he wrote would be perfectly applicable to his own experience in the years ahead. The statement we quote was made during a visit to this country in 1936, when the news was broken to him that his diocese in China had been invaded by Chinese Reds. It is all the more dramatic because at the time the Communists seemed to be far from overrunning the whole of China.

After referring to the wistful admiration we have for the heroes of the faith, who in past centuries lived as hunted men, offering Mass under hedge-rows at the risk of their lives, he went on to say: "What we forget is that the Church, though old, is ever young and that in every age these scenes must be re-enacted. We Americans ought to rejoice and give thanks to God not only that we spring from heroic Christian stock but that our generation has been found worthy to suffer and do battle for the Faith."

That these words were far from being merely oratorical was proven by the heroic fortitude with which their author met the ordeal to which he was subjected subsequently in China. That ordeal included his unjust apprehension by Communists, the humiliation of being stripped to his underclothes in the sanctuary of his cathedral in Yuanling, three years of solitary confinement in a Red jail, and, finally, a long trip over bumpy Chinese roads, during which he had to lie on the floor of a bus in what was considered to be a dying condition.

Today, by what seems to be a miracle, he is alive and vigorously active although in his seventy-first year. The courage and fortitude he displayed were obviously the fruits of the years which, as a Passionist, he had spent in meditating, preaching, and writing on the Cross of his heroic Master.

Relatively few of us have been called on to display courage on a grand scale, as have this bishop and thousands of other heroic members of the Church in Europe and Asia who have come face to face with the diabolical evil of Communism. But no follower of Christ should either expect or desire to escape occasions when courage, and even heroism, will be called for.

Temptations and trials are always lurking around the corner, even for those who lead the most humdrum lives. These tests are met best by those who keep their eyes on their heroic Leader on the Cross. The thought of the fortitude which He showed helps those who bear it in mind to avoid the shame of acting cowardly in the battle in which we are all engaged in His name.

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

Union of the Sick

THE OTHER DAY, while reading about an unusual organization, still fairly new in the United States and called Catholic Union of the Sick in America, I was reminded of the phrase, "God will forgive you all but your despair."

Of course today not only individuals are sick; much of the world is sick. But a new year is at hand which may help cure some of this moral sickness—the disease of distrust and hatred and fear which afflicts many lands today. Yet faith and loving-kindness and hope are with us to counteract them. And above it all are still the justice and love of God.

Edith Sitwell, only newly come into the Church, has written a long poem about the bomb dropped at Hiroshima and titled "The Shadow of Cain." In it she details this act and the sorrow and pain it caused, not alone to those who suffered physical harm from it but to those who suffered mentally from a sense of guilt that it should have been dropped at all. But the last verse of the poem throws away the doubt and despair that human kind should, even for the best of reasons, have killed the innocent. One cannot feel despair, she says, one dare not:

"And yet—who dreamed that Christ had died in vain?

He walks again on the Seas of Blood, He comes in the Terrible Rain."

And we know He does. Above and beyond the world's pain, He waits. When it becomes all but intolerable, He comes to help. And so, too, He comes to help the individual in illness or crippling or blindness, if only the individual wants that help.

There is no word like unity—the coming together, the ingathering. It is notable that Our Lord seldom chose to be alone, save when the great need for prayer was in Him, or the need for thinking something through. He was with people, talking to them, preaching to them, healing them.

We are usually better off when we are together, helping each other. But there are people who cannot come bodily together to help each other and that is why the Catholic Union of the Sick was formed.

Beginnings of the Movement

THE WORK BEGAN in Switzerland where a young man, ill in a sanitarium, met a group there who had formed themselves into a union of the sick, as a help to overcome their isolation from life. He was a Catholic and they were not, and after a while he felt that they, for all their value, lacked one thing. They were helping each other to bear their pain and loneliness, that was true, but on the human side only. Some admitted that suffering might bring some good but to offer it up to God they could not understand. Such an idea as that of Paul Claudel, "Happy is the man who suffers and who knows for what purpose," was beyond their comprehension.

Louis Peyrot decided to form a Catholic group. Not long before the first world war he started this apostolate of the Church Suffering. It grew rapidly in France and Belgium. In 1933 it received from Pope Pius XI a Papal Benediction and with the benediction came an enthusiastic letter from the Holy Father's secretary, Cardinal Pacelli, praising the work highly. By the time of the second world war there were three thousand members in those two countries, and

the organization remained unbroken despite Nazi efforts to destroy this strengthener of morale. After the war the groups spread to other lands. One was brought to the United States by Mrs. Robert Brunner of Belgium, herself a semi-invalid; it was established by her and she has continued to be its godmother ever since. From its center, at 100 East 50th Street in New York City, it rays out today to hundreds of groups. The membership is open to those who are Catholic and are in a state of health which is the occasion for sacrifice; it is not only for the bedridden, for chronic illness makes one a member. Young and old, lay and religious, men and women are welcome to join, the bond of union being love and suffering and a desire to help each other and all other souls.

The members are joined in groups of eight under a leader, and they are diversified in illness and where they live. Each month a group letter, really a small notebook, starts out, sent by the group's leader, and each writes a certain amount and sends it to the next member, who adds comments if he wishes, until all have had the round-robin letter. Most of these people will never meet in person but they meet in prayer on one day of each month when time is set aside for a Holy Hour, and a Mass is said when a member dies. In each group there is a chaplain—also a sick man—who can help with his words of love and faith in the monthly letter.

The patron saint of the Union, here and in Europe too, is Saint Thérèse of Lisieux, who bore pain and gave happiness to those about her, the aim of CUSA members. She shared the discouragement of others and found the remedy: confidence in God and a forgetting of self which produces inner peace. She is a very fitting patron.

Pain a Spiritual Asset

IT IS HARD ENOUGH to forget oneself when one is well. It is much harder when one is sick, especially chronically sick. And it is hard to know you are a burden perhaps on others and cannot help them because you cannot even help yourself. Then comes the wonderful knowledge that your pain is a spiritual asset, that there is a unity in suffering, that you are not really alone, for all over the land people are praying for you, caring about you and with an understanding love, for they too are ill and in pain. To make a positive out of a negative is to remake a life.

The Union also has a magazine which is issued three times a year, with brief and interesting articles.

Such an organization is twofold in value. First, it makes illness a positive contribution to the world; it helps both the world and the sick person. Second, though there is a great bravery in suffering alone, few of us are such great souls as that. It is better to unite with others and rejoice and suffer with them.

And though this CUSA organization is primarily for the shut-in, for the suffering, there is certainly something for the rest of us too. For one thing, we too may enter their ranks some day and it is good to know of this Union which we may one day wish to join. And meantime we can say a prayer in this new year for its members. To those who are well the new year will be a fine time to pray and think with deep gratitude of the men and women who are turning their suffering into a song of triumph and a prayer of love.



The Spear Family

By today's standards, the Spears of Washingtonville, N. Y., are an unusual family. Together, they work—and pray

by IRENE CORBALLY KUHN

BEFORE ELMER SPEAR unlocks the door of his Washingtonville, New York, country newspaper for the day's work, he has already covered a lot of territory. Even before breakfast, he drives six miles to and from early Mass and Communion in company with all but the three youngest of their eight children. And after breakfast, he puts another eighteen miles on his speedometer delivering six of the young Spears to three Catholic schools in two neighboring towns. In the afternoon, he picks them up again. In an average school year, he totals close to 15,000 miles in rain and storm, sunshine and snow—not because he enjoys this punishing routine, nor because he looks down upon the admittedly excellent education the public schools in his district provide. He does it to keep a promise he made to the priest who baptized him when he became a convert twenty-one years ago, a promise he still fervently believes in.

The young man was only nineteen at the time, but he was engaged to a Catholic girl, pretty Bertha Roberts, a nurse, with whom he'd grown up.

"We've been practically married since we were twelve years old," he chuckles now, recalling their instant attachment as children which never faltered.

The priest, Father Edmund McDonough of Wilmington, Delaware, knew the young couple would be married as soon as finances permitted. He knew they wanted a big family.

"Be sure the children go to Catholic schools," he told Elmer.

Elmer Spear never forgot Father McDonough's advice and when he and Bertha Roberts were married three years later, in 1938, they both agreed that no matter where they lived their children would go to Catholic schools.

For a time the Spears lived in Delaware and Elmer worked on a country newspaper. Then, shortly after the end of World War II, he started prospecting around the pleasant towns of Orange County, in New York state, for a place to put down roots. He was looking for a country weekly he could buy cheap in a place with promise, a community where he and his wife could rear their

children properly and live the good life. He found one good prospect in the Harrison Printing Company in Washingtonville.

He was tooling his old car through tree-shaded streets of this pre-Revolutionary town one day when he saw a white sign planted in the green lawn of St. Mary's Church. "Masses 8, 9, 10, and 11 o'clock," he read aloud, as he slowed down and stopped. He exchanged happy looks with his wife.

"We both figured that any church with four Masses on Sunday in a place as small as this must have a lot of Catholic parishioners," Elmer recalls. "We reasoned it out as we sat there: this was a growing Catholic community. And it was real country, just what we wanted for the children."

All this was ten years ago. The Spears had four children then. Margie, the eldest, 6 at the time, John, 5, Elmer, 2, and Eddie, who was born that year. Joe came along next year, and Marie, in 1950; and when this, their second girl, arrived, the Spears decided it was time to move. Ever since they had bought the *Orange County Post*, they had lived in a four-room apartment over a barn rented from the paper's former owners. The tight quarters could no longer contain their growing family. They found a big, rambling, fourteen-room Victorian mansion at the end of a country road. The house is in Blooming Grove, three miles from the newspaper office where both Mr. and Mrs. Spear work all day and part of most evenings, six days a week, to get the paper out every Thursday.

Elmer Spear guessed right on his choice of a place to put down roots. The *Post* had only 300 subscribers when they bought it; today it has 2,500 and it's growing with the community. It's a big weekly—sometimes eighteen pages—profusely illustrated with interesting photos, most of them taken by Spear him-

self, or by his twelve correspondents and three outside editors, two of them housewives. And it carries lots of advertising, the lifeblood of any newspaper. Elmer Spear goes out and gets this business himself, and much editorial copy, too, covering fifteen widely separated communities within a twenty-five mile area from the thriving city of Newburgh, on the Hudson, to Pine Island.

While the head of the family is out getting copy and ads, his wife is busy at a desk in the modest office. Bertha Spear is one of those rare women who thrive on work: the more they have to do, the more they get done. She is small and slender, with a perpetually merry face, wise and understanding eyes, and hands that move quickly and capably about their tasks. Like her husband, she has a gift for order and organization, a pleasant, easy way of delegating responsibility for tasks to be done so that the duller ones become interesting, and the doing of them an adventure for the children. She is modest and matter-of-fact about herself, and although she handles all the copy that comes in by mail and prepares it for publication, and oversees the work of the four full-time employees in the shop and the two part-timers who work every weekend, she says only that "I pick up the loose ends."

When Elmer Spear talks to anyone about his wife he says with pride, touching in its complete lack of self-consciousness, "She's a wonderful woman, just wonderful."

He said it often on the pleasant late summer day I spent with them in Washingtonville. When I arrived they were both working in the office and the 55-year-old duplex flat bed press was turning over with a regular rhythm, printing the week's issue of 2,600 copies of *Jet Stream*, the service newspaper for the men at Stewart Air Force Base nearby. Mrs. Spear cast a practiced eye over the freshly printed sheets piling up under the metal arms. She took me on a tour while her husband went around the corner to the post office. Then she piloted me through the door, into the street, and around to their station wagon where

IRENE CORBALLY KUHN, newspaper reporter and foreign correspondent, has written for the *American Mercury* and other magazines. She is the author of several books, including *Deadline Delayed* and *The Inside Story*.

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RIGHT—The day begins early for the Spears, no matter how late they were up the night before, and it begins the best way possible—with early Mass and Holy Communion



After Mass, Margie, 16, helps Mrs. Spear prepare family breakfast



Clockwise around table starting with Mr. Spear are baby Howard; Joe, 9; Margie, 16; Marie, 6; Elmer, 12; Eddie, 10; John, 15; Mike, 3; and Mrs. Spear



Mr. Spear puts thirty-six miles a day on the speedometer, driving the young Spears to and from three Catholic schools in two neighboring towns



Mrs. Spear and her two youngest watch Dad drive others off to school



Elmer was waiting. We drove off the highway, up the tree-shaded dirt road, and turned into the empty Spear driveway. Suddenly Joys began to emerge, pouring out of the barn and from behind the house. John came first, and right behind him was another fifteen-year-old lad, all arms and legs and a dazzling white smile in his happy black face. This was Steve, a neighbor. John is the second oldest in the family, a student at St. Patrick's High School in Newburgh, who wants to study for the priesthood like his Uncle Jim, Mrs. Spear's brother, in Boise, Idaho.

Steve, a Negro half-orphan, is not a Catholic, but he has been listening to John and the younger Spears, all of whom have undertaken to teach him religion. One day this spring, while he was having milk and cookies in the Spear kitchen, he announced his intention of becoming a Catholic.

"Why?" asked Mrs. Spear.

"I have three reasons," Steve said solemnly.

"First reason is because I want to be an altar boy. Second reason is I want to go to the altar boys' picnic. Then I guess I just want to be a Catholic like you all are."

Everybody listened with respectful attention while Steve talked, and Mrs. Spear said she thought maybe they could get him invited to the picnic anyway, and later on, after he'd studied and thought about things a little more, they could talk about the other reasons.

Four of the Spears are altar boys and they had been extolling the delights of the picnic Father Joseph Huband of St. Mary's arranges every year. "It's become something they all look forward to every year," Mrs. Spear explained, "and you can understand how Steve would try to figure out a way to get invited too."

John and Steve went off to do some yard chores after saying hello to us, and Eddie, 10, and Joe, 9, followed us into the house. Inside the door stood Marie, the pretty six-year-old—and the only girl home, since her big sister, Margie, 16, was taking a summer course at the Catholic University in Washington, D.C. Behind Marie was Mike, 3, Howard, the chubby, happy seven-month-old baby was brought into the family circle as soon as he wakened.

The children were all presented to me, and they fell immediately into the helpful roles regularly assigned them. Marie followed her mother into the kitchen to help prepare a tray with glasses for iced tea. Mike pulled over a small table, almost as big as himself, and then disappeared. Eddie carried in the tray for his mother and then excused himself and disappeared. Joe,

lively and alert, sat on the edge of his father's chair ready to be useful at the first opportunity.

It came when I asked a question about the age of the house. Joe was off his chair, out of the room, and back again in a flash.

"There's a big stone down by the cellar with numbers carved in it," he said. "It says 1765."

"Thanks, Joe," his father said, turning to me to explain. "That's the foundation of the original building, we think. The present house was built about 1880, I should judge."

"Elmer's away," Joe announced. "He's visiting."

"That's our twelve-year-old boy," Mrs. Spear said. "He's with my folks."

Food is a budget-busting item for the Spears. Eight children consume great quantities of provender, and the Spears took me into the big five-room stone cellar under their house to show me the cases of canned soups and fruit, the sacks and cartons of staples, bushels of onions and potatoes which they have to stock to keep up with the demanding appetites of their growing family—and Steve, who takes most of his meals with

• Conversation is the art of hearing as well as being heard.

them. They drink an average of six quarts of milk a day, sometimes nine or ten, and eat a minimum of three loaves of bread. Marie's love of potatoes is one reason why her father buys a fifty-pound sack with no more thought than a city family would a five-pound bag.

Mrs. Spear has solved the cooking problem. She prepares stews and casseroles for their main meals over the weekend when they're all home to help. Margie is a good cook; the older boys all know how to prepare simple meals for themselves and the younger ones.

The family gets up early and has an old-fashioned country breakfast. That doesn't come, though, until the father and the five older children return from early Mass and Communion. While they are gone Mrs. Spear is frying potatoes and sausage, little Marie is breaking eggs, and Mike is in partial charge of the toaster.

"They're all good workers," their mother said, and when I commented that this must have taken considerable training and was fairly unusual in this age of pampered youth, she laughed and said, "Maybe they just like to eat."

The apparently effortless way Mrs. Spear contrives to run her big job does not mean it is an easy one. The work

involved in managing a big house, providing for the material wants of her children, overseeing their spiritual life, too, and then pitching in and doing a day's work in the newspaper office, calls for intelligence, stamina, discipline, and strength—and faith. Bertha Spear can do it because in everything she and her husband do, their first thought is of God and how they can make their lives and their work, and their children's lives, do Him honor. The Spears wear their religion close to their hearts and their minds, always. It is an active principle in their lives from the moment they wake until they commend their souls to God in family prayers at night.

The Spears love their children in the best way parents can—not smotheringly or selfishly, but with a great enveloping warmth that has given them all the most priceless of possessions—emotional security. They have let their children grow and develop at their own speed, and in freedom, but disciplined freedom, with responsibility. And the children have accepted responsibility, each in his own way.

Perhaps the best witness for Catholic education, and for Elmer and Bertha Spear, is the testimony of their pretty, thoughtful, eldest child, given freely and lovingly. This is what Margie wrote to me:

"In all sincerity I can honestly say that I do not know of any other parents who possess such an extraordinary amount of patience, tirelessness and unselfishness, which are so characteristic in my mother and father. Ever since I can remember, Mom and Dad have worked for us children, constantly going without things to give us a little surprise or to buy us something we had our hearts set on. The most important and treasured gift, however, which we have received from them, is our deep and fervent faith, resting on the solid foundation they built for it. Religion always has and always will be a basic factor in our family life."

This young girl, only mid-way through her teens, has already learned more about the fundamentals of living than most adults twice, three times her age. It is from her own parents that she has drawn the inspiration to see the true values in life.

"I think families today are too divided. Each member goes his or her own separate way and seldom cares what the others do. Families should be strongly united in everything and held together with a bond of love. Within a family all joys and sorrows, problems and pleasures, should be shared."

Few philosophers or experts on family guidance could say it better. What's more, the Spear family live it.



On press day for the Orange County Post, the Spears' print shop is an even busier scene of activity than usual. Mrs. Spear helps make up the page forms while Mr. Spear sets a late story on the linotype. As copies come off the press, they are inspected for inking. Next morning, Mr. Spear makes rounds of barbershops, candy stores that distribute the paper



RIGHT—A midnight snack is frequently the Spears' first chance to be alone together for a moment of quiet talk



A column of Soviet tanks and trucks rumbles through Budapest



United Press Photos

The **CRUSHING** of Hungary

**The courage and terror of Hungary's fight for freedom,
in an eyewitness report by BARRETT MCGURN**



Cardinal Mindszenty arrives in Budapest with his liberators

Budapest, Hungary—A high moment of the Hungarian revolt against Communism and against the Soviet Union was the night of All Souls' Day. It has always been the custom in Hungary to decorate the graves with wreaths on that day and to place lighted candles in windows, but that night the word passed that the whole desperate, hopeful, trembling nation should join in the ceremony as a symbol of something more: of Hungary's mourning for those who died in bare-handed assaults against Red Army tanks and of Hungary's prayers to be free.

Cemeteries in some communities were filled with the wreaths, scarcely a grave uncovered. In Budapest, as far as I could see that night, candles stood in almost every window.

It was an awesome moment. A night or two before it had been hard to sleep with the jerky, whining, groaning, hippopotamus-like twists, turns, and advances of Soviet tanks moving through the black streets. What they were up to one's nervous imagination could only speculate. But the next morning the news—too good to be true—spread through Hungary's capital. The Russians had evacuated Budapest. The news provoked nothing but new questions, however. Would the Soviets leave the rest of Hungary too? Was it possible that, after ten years of Communist rule, predominantly Catholic Hungary—a nation of instinctive anti-Communists—at long last would be free?

The cross that was Communism was all too vivid even in the minds of the most forgetful, the most indulgent. In the days just before, a rather peaceful demonstration against some of the more acute recent hardships of the Communist-run people had exploded into a gunfight. Within hours it was a combat between hundreds of Soviet tanks and the people of Hungary, united almost to a man. Ten years of grievances lent desperation to the men who fought: civilians and soldiers of the Communist-led Hungarian army; men of families which had once been well-to-do and factory laborers of the sort Communists considered Communist by second-nature; not only men but women and even small children. It was an uprising some veteran American correspondents describe now as "the biggest story since the fall of Berlin in 1945."

I reached Budapest a week after the uprising. Soviet troops were still in the streets, but they were no longer the bullies of seven days earlier. They were, extraordinarily, on the defensive, sitting in clusters of tanks at strategic points, at bridges over the Danube, at the government headquarters, and at a few other

key centers. In the rest of Budapest the people were masters. After hours of awful slaughter and an incredible determination of the Budapest people to fight back and on—killing Soviet soldiers with pot shots, beating especially notorious Communists to death in the streets with a brutality only long repression could explain or seek to condone, swarming over armored cars to set them afire with gasoline—the Soviets had retreated.

That night, as I wondered uncomfortably about the meaning of the whining and grinding of the tanks, the Soviets quit Budapest.

Since then, as millions of words of news stories have told the world, an appalling lot has happened in Hungary. Where the first hopeful question of the Hungarians was before—Is the Red Army at last evacuating?—others have sprouted. The future of Communism in the world and the hope of avoiding World War III are involved. Few events of the century have raised so many questions.

What happened after the Soviets left Budapest is too well known to be long retold now. For me, who lived those excited hours in Hungary, their memory will never fade. Briefly what occurred was this. For the first hours after the Russians pulled back, the spirit was what the window candles had indicated nights earlier: a prayer of mourning and the aspiration that Hungary at last could be free—free of the Soviets, who directed and exploited much of the resources and strength of the country, free of the Communist secret police, free to place jailed priests back at their altars, free to live in keeping with the traditions of a one thousand-year-old, Christian national culture.

The timidity of the first hopes strengthened when the people of Budapest noticed that the five-foot-deep piles of Soviet books they set burning in the streets were still aflame days later; when they saw that dozens of burnt-out Soviet tanks sat as helpless wrecks where the people had left them; when they beheld that hunts for the more notorious of the Communist-apparatus leaders no longer met resistance. Then hopes and fury rose. The fury is to be deplored. As Communists say rightly now, mob violence is no substitute for due process of law. The excesses of the crowd gave the Communists and the Soviets at least a shred of reason for their return.

It was, however, little more than a shred. The rest of the soaring hopes and

spirits of the Hungarians were turned on nobler goals. Anti-Communist leaders dared to stand up and be counted. Anti-Communist newspapers began publishing and editors boldly proclaimed their names. Anti-Communist political parties opened offices. They were not the "Fascists," "large landowners," and "capitalists" the Communists now smear them as being. They were Catholics, who were convinced that much of the old feudal structure of Hungary should never be revived; democratic Socialists, whose ideas about worker rights rivaled those of the Communists without tolerating the idea of dictatorship; small farmers and others. All of them, almost to a man, were dedicated to free elections and to democracy.

It was a dream not to be. As I think back on what I saw happening then, I wonder what has become of the brave democrats who declared themselves openly in a heroic effort to set the machinery of an orderly democratic state quickly in motion. Anarchy threatened strike-ridden Hungary, and anti-Communists feared that the Russians might come back on the ground that someone had to "restore order." The fear was realized. That was one of the arguments the Soviets used despite the democrats' gallant efforts.

What has happened to some is known. Many hundreds—some say very many thousands—died in a four-day effort with a handful of Hungarian Army weapons, an effort to hold off the vastly reinforced Soviet Army in its counter-attack. Fresh tank forces, many from the Soviet homeland, outnumbered the Hungarian army's own tanks more than six to one. Even so the Hungarians, soldiers and civilians, bravely fought back while they could. Again children joined the combat and again children were slain in numbers probably never to be known. The remarkable share the Hungarian army took in the defense against the Russians taught one of the first lessons of the uprising: Russia cannot count on the hundred satellite divisions with which she threatens Western Europe.

The other lessons are many.

One Western European Communist who watched the way Soviet tanks roamed Budapest firing shells through hundreds upon hundreds of private homes—killing and wounding women and children behind the walls—said finally that bestiality was the only word for what he had seen. He said that he had come to Communism as a wartime partisan soldier against Fascism but that he was Communist no more.

Another West European Communist, this one more of the parlor variety and

Wide World Photos



Hungarian rebel holds up a Molotov cocktail along the Hungarian border



A crowded truckload of Hungarian freedom fighters heads toward Budapest



A Hungarian fighter pauses to burn a picture of Lenin in Budapest street

BARRETT MCGURN is head of the Rome Bureau of the New York Herald Tribune. During the last war he covered the Pacific area for Yank; the Army Weekly.

ST. ANSELM PRIORY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Haec est domus Dei et porta coeli

by SISTER MARIA DEL REY, R.S.M.

*House of God and Gate of Heaven . . .
Seven
Words weathered into brick and medieval wood.
Here once I stood,
Drowned
In the majesty of the liturgy in sound.
Here once I wept,
Swept
By waves of a gold and scarlet patterned sea
As color came crashing down on me!
Here now I pray,
Stay
Late where the sun-shafts, prism-rayed,
Darkle and fade,
Utterly dumb
Until He come.*

only teetering on the edge of resignation after it was over, had this comment:

"How can these Soviet soldiers feel? They were told that they were coming here to fight Fascism and they have found the entire population against them."

Even Communists conceded, "The Russians did all the damage they could possible wreak with tank fire; they couldn't have done more without bombing."

The tank shells punched two-foot holes where they entered buildings; some buildings were hit so often their walls collapsed.

One lesson was how much force speaks to the Communist mind. I was reminded wistfully of the old expression "Don't point that gun at me!" when a group of twenty cars of newspapermen pulled up at a Soviet check center. The Soviets waved us to go back and we sat silently for a while as our leaders talked to their officers. Moments later the sub-machine guns of the half-dozen sentries at the spot—far more than enough to keep control of unarmed news men—were supplemented: two tanks rolled up and trained their cannon on us.

A reverse lesson curiously enough was how human the Soviet troops could be on occasion. In relaxed hours, after the Russians regained just about total control, one Soviet chatted amiably with us about "New York" and "New Jers'" and about something he described as "whooshing underneath." I presumed he was discussing the Holland Tunnel. Another, engaged more fortunately in conversation with one of us

who spoke Russian, told of a pleasant postwar visit to the Statue of Liberty, Radio City, and the Empire State Building in New York, and then slipped into an argument over whether the world's highest structure had 102 or 103 stories. It turned out that the Russian had not heard of the television antennae now on top.

Lighter moments were few. One other event which made Hungarians laugh—but this time in bitterness—was the unveiling of the new Communist line after Soviet recapture of control. Communists admitted a staggering array of misdeeds and failures and promised a de-Communizing and de-Russianizing such as few could conceive. These were some of the points: Hungary's workers have "every reason to be discontented." The country's situation admittedly is "serious." "Grave mistakes" have been made by top Communists of the past. The working people of Hungary clearly want "new leaders." Another thing Hungarians patently want is "national independence and sovereignty."

There was not an anti-Communist who could agree more.

To meet all this, the Communists said, there would be nothing in Hungary in the future known as the "Communist Party." (Instead, in its shoes, would be the same grim thing by another name: "the Hungarian Socialist Workers' Party.") Small business and farming would not only be tolerated but encouraged. No one would have to join detested farm co-operatives. No farmer would be forced to surrender his products at State prices. The bureaucracy under which Communist Hungary has

suffered would be done away with. "Democracy" would make its way into the factories. There would be "peaceful co-operation" with all countries, presumably even with the United States, the country to which Hungarians looked with such desperate hope as they sank slowly beneath the returning Soviet flood. Best of all, "negotiations" would begin to get the Red Army out of Hungary "but" only after "peace and order" had been restored.

Rare indeed was the Hungarian who expected to get rid of the Russians by letting the Russians stamp out the last flicker of resistance, and some at least were the citizens of Budapest who laughed mirthlessly as they heard the announcements.

"They even say the Russians are 'helping' us," one woman told me boldly and openly on the sidewalk across the street from Soviet Army headquarters. "Well, before they started 'helping' shops were full; now they are empty."

In a general way the Communists indicated even that rebels would be forgiven but before the words were many hours old, one man told me of seeing police seize an elderly companion and fling him by arms and legs into a truck.

"I saw that policeman's hard face all the rest of that night," my still-shaken acquaintance reported.

Hungary's martyrdom presumably resumes. Cardinal Mindszenty, free less than a week, has merely traded places of confinement. He is in asylum in the small American Legation now, warmly treated, but cut off by diplomatic necessity almost as completely as if he were once again in a Red jail. I saw him twice, a man with eyes of suffering and rarely a smile.

The biggest questions are unanswered and may hold the attention of the world for months. Will predominantly Catholic Poland, traditionally reckless in its patriotic fervor, rise next only to fall beneath the Soviet tanks? What will the Russians do for a diplomatic platform in negotiating with the West, now that the talk of peaceful co-existence and the sovereign rights of Eastern European satellites has been so cruelly shredded? What will the West do if new appeals come from East Europe in the name of freedom?

Some diplomats think that if the Suez crisis had not served as a balance, the Soviet march through Hungary might have triggered off World War III. The seething in East Europe, the hatred of Communism and of the Russians, has not ended. Every awesome possibility remains as the world weighs the issues of right and of duty and shudders before the thought of global war.

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Six-year-old Pablito Calvo plays the title role in "Marcelino"

☆ THE SIGN PICTURE OF THE YEAR

The adventures of an abandoned child adopted by Franciscan Friars are delightfully portrayed in the Spanish film "Marcelino," which The Sign selects as the year's outstanding motion picture presentation

Picture of the Year

Once in a moviegoing lifetime will you find a picture as endearing, reverent, imaginative, and moving as **MARCELINO**, a Spanish production with English subtitles. Framed in simple, yet beautiful, scenes, this story of a boy's faith transcends its physical boundaries to become a very special and tremendously affecting picture. *Marcelino* is The Sign selection as the best motion picture produced in 1956.

Marcelino is the name given to a foundling left at the gate of a Spanish monastery a century ago. Unable to find a suitable home for him, the Brothers decide to raise the boy themselves. In vignettes which are alternately tender and humorous, the child's life in the hilltop monastery is appealingly depicted. His occasional contacts with the villagers, an innocent prank which turns a provincial fair into a minor catastrophe, and his adventures with a mythical young friend are charmingly spun.

But it is in the final sequence that the picture achieves an

impressive *rapport* with the audience. Marcelino, warned by the Brothers to stay out of the attic, disobeys. Stepping cautiously into the crowded and littered room, he sees the figure of a man and runs away. His youthful curiosity brings him back, and then Marcelino smiles. The Figure is a life-size Christ on the Cross. The boy notes that the "Man" seems sad and asks if He is hungry. A Voice answers "Yes," and Marcelino scurries off, to return with a thick slice of bread, snatched from the monastery kitchen.

The Hand moves down from the Cross to accept the bread, and the Voice thanks Marcelino. Next day the boy returns with more bread and with wine. Again the Voice thanks him and adds that henceforth he will be known as "*Marcelino Pan y Vino*" (bread and wine).

The climax is arresting and inspiring, a beautiful ending for a memorable motion picture. Written by Jose Maria Sanchez-Silva and Ladislao Vajda, who also directed, this is a film which *must* be seen by every Catholic.



STAGE AND SCREEN

by Jerry Cotter



James Stewart
as young
Charles Lind-
bergh in "The
Spirit of
Saint Louis"

A special word for Pablito Calvo, a six-year-old whose expressive features combine the angelic with the impish. His natural charm is unhampered by precociousness, and he contributes much to the picture's over-all effect. The adult players are all excellent, but it is Pablito-Marcelino who lives in your heart. (United Motion Picture Organization)

Reviews in Brief

THE GREAT AMERICAN PASTIME is undecided whether to be a comedy about the knotty problems of pint-size baseball or a farce in which Tom Ewell becomes the innocent victim of a predatory widow. The result is occasionally confused, but generally amusing, as he takes over the management of a Little League team and learns there is more to it than batting practice and pep talks. Ewell's specialized style is not completely at ease, but the younger set will probably enjoy this comedy. (M-G-M)

Texas and its people continue to intrigue the storytellers, and in **WRITTEN ON THE WIND** novelist Robert Wilder is concerned with the manners and morals of a wealthy oil family. In some spots there is an obvious striving for shock effect as the psychoses and immoralities of the group are outlined. However, the resolution of the multifaceted problem is satisfactory. A good deal of the credit for the interest generated in this mature drama goes to Rock Hudson, Dorothy Malone, Robert Stack, and Lauren Bacall. (Universal-International)

THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS is the story of Charles A. Lindbergh's heroic 33½-hour flight to Paris in 1927, one of the great stories of our age and one which set in motion entirely new concepts of aviation. The Lindbergh story, based on his Pulitzer Prize book, becomes a movie at once engrossing and distinguished. From a technical standpoint it is often breathtaking, while the saga of personal courage it retells is one to make armchair adventurers tingle. Lindbergh was

a slim young man flying the mail from St. Louis to Chicago in a patched-up, open-cockpit, World War I plane when the announcement is made of a \$25,000 prize for the first non-stop flight between New York and Paris. Financed by a group of St. Louis businessmen, "Lindy" sets out to make the 3600-mile flight across the Atlantic. As played by James Stewart, the nightmare hours in the cramped cockpit of the *Spirit of St. Louis* emerge on-screen as a grueling, gallant, and dangerous flight. A fine choice for the role, Stewart gives one of his customary expert performances. Others in the cast play secondary parts in capable fashion. This is not the story of Lindbergh's life, but of the events leading to the fateful moment when the small, silver plane glides to earth at Le Bourget Field, Paris. Lindbergh went on to contribute in even greater measure to aviation and for his country, but the flight to Paris remains as one of the most inspiring events of our time. It is dramatized in true proportion in this splendid family movie. (Warner Bros.)

EVERYTHING BUT THE TRUTH is the latest escapade of Tim Hovey, remembered for his quaint charm in *Private War of Major Benson* and *Toy Tiger*. Master Tim becomes involved in some hilarious, though highly improbable, doings as a result of his determination to tell the truth at all cost. Before the fadeout there is a libel suit, a Congressional investigation, and a national crusade for our lad. Maureen O'Hara and John Forsythe are attractive but subordinate in this very amusing family charade. (Universal International)

WESTWARD HO THE WAGONS! is the first Western production by Walt Disney and a refreshing change from the stereotyped pattern of so many pioneer sagas. This is the story of families emigrating to Oregon in covered wagons and the varying relationships they had with Indian tribes they encountered on the way. It wasn't all raiding parties and massacres, and the more relaxed moments are handled here with the usual fine Disney touch. Fess Parker, as a scout who is also the caravan doctor, Kathleen Crowley, and a group of Disneyland youngsters go about their job with enthusiasm and conviction. An entertaining show all the way. (Buena Vista)

The New Plays

Rosalind Russell represents the sum total of assets in the much-publicized **AUNTIE MAME**. She is such a magnificent mime and so likeable a personality that you can almost, though not quite, overlook the fact that her vehicle is both shoddy and vulgar. The Russell talents for broad comedy, sophisticated whimsy, and supercharged wit are called upon in almost every scene of this brittle, bizarre show. It isn't really a play, but rather a series of blackouts in which the offbeat Auntie Mame plays hostess, rides sidesaddle in a Georgia fox hunt, loses her rich husband on the Matterhorn, strikes a boorish blow for racial tolerance, and bewitches the audience into believing they are seeing something special. The script is a labored and trite bit of bohemianism, flecked with vulgarity and dependent on suggestiveness for most of the laughs. As Molly used to say: "T'aint funny, McGee," but the indefatigable Miss R certainly is. For her sake it's really a shame about Mame.

Terrance Rattigan, a popular British dramatist, is represented by two plays this month, one a resounding hit, the other an equally emphatic failure. **SEPARATE TABLES** is the success, and the less said about **THE SLEEPING PRINCE** the better. It concerns a turn-of-the-century romance between an American chorus girl and the Prince Regent of a mythical kingdom. They meet, dally, and part

in London to the tune of Balkan intrigue, some uncommonly flat dialogue, and the usual amoralistic clichés. Barbara Bel Geddes, Cathleen Nesbitt, Michael Redgrave, and Johnny Stewart play the leads with some distinction, but Rattigan provides no firm footing. The players in *Separate Tables*, a collective title for two short dramas about life in a English seaside hotel, are more fortunate. Margaret Leighton and Eric Portman, two of Britain's outstanding stars, interpret two sets of characters in the short play and do it so brilliantly that the audience is practically spellbound. As for Rattigan's thesis, his best writing to date, it is regrettably hampered by a placid acceptance of divorce and extracurricular romance. These are unfortunate aspects to a theatrical endeavor in which there are so many technical assets.

London has also sent in this era of footlight amity the famed **OLD VIC** Company in a presentation of *Macbeth*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Richard II* and *Troilus and Cressida*. *R* and *J* is the least effective performance, and *Macbeth* the sturdiest. In it Paul Rogers and Coral Browne offer interpretations of extraordinary brilliance and virtuosity. As anticipated, the entire repertory is polished, eloquent, and robust. The company will tour the United States and Canada at the completion of a limited Broadway engagement.

George Bernard Shaw is also represented by two productions in the current Broadway lineup. One is **THE APPLE CART**, a quarter century old but still topical, the other **MAJOR BARBARA**, fifty-one years young, still controversial, but neither dull nor dated. In *The Apple Cart* the garrulous Celt is dealing with a prodictator theme, doing it with zest and familiar impatience, plus a scintillating wit. The audience is singularly fortunate in having Maurice Evans as the King, whose sense of the humorous is regal, and in the expert supporting work of Signe Hasso, Claudia Morgan, Charles Carson, and Mercer McLeod. Though not a Shavian best, this political discussion is an interesting, albeit morally askew, piece of theater.

Major Barbara see-saws between moments of brilliance and stretches of tedium. Shaw is responsible for both extremes, with Charles Laughton in his role of director abetting the tedious moments. GBS had a vigor and freshness to his diatribes which is all but lost sight of in Laughton's leisurely staging. While Shaw has chosen good targets for his verbal

darts, his argumentation is often on questionable ground as he fires away methodically at munitions makers, evangelical religious approaches, and the idle upper, upper rich. Laughton has joined forces with a prominent cast to stage this revival, with Burgess Meredith, Glynis Johns, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Colin Kieth Johnson, and Eli Wallach co-starred, and Meredith outstanding.

LONG DAYS' JOURNEY INTO NIGHT is Eugene O'Neill's last, and most ruthless, tragedy. It is the story of his family, a bitter, somber portrait, yet not without its moments of compassion and tenderness. His early years were indeed tragic ones and provide the basis for much of the tortured philosophy exhibited in his work. His father, a popular actor of the day, was a penurious drunkard, his mother an immature personality dependent on narcotics to overcome her feelings of inferiority, and his older brother a roistering ne'er-do-well, cynical and sneering. O'Neill's self-portrait is equally unsparing. The play deals with one day in the life of this family, an existence so terrible, so tragic, and so shocking that only the genius of an O'Neill could bring it to the stage. While it unquestionably contains some of the most brilliant writing and superb acting in many seasons, there is far too much censorable material and moral apathy in this study of an apostate Catholic family to warrant a recommendation. Frederic March and Florence Eldridge are splendid as the parents, but it is Jason Robards, Jr., as the sharp-tongued elder son who strikes the most impressive notes. Bradford Dillman, as the author, and Katherine Ross are also well above average merit. Catholics can perhaps more fully appreciate the true catastrophe of the O'Neill story, for his was a superabundant talent driving in the wrong direction on a one-way street.

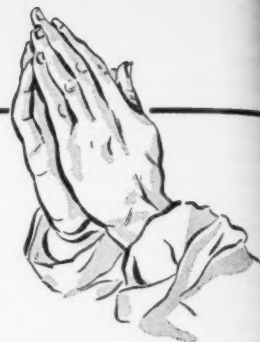
Comic strip followers will undoubtedly favor **LIL ABNER**, a musical caricature which sparkles on occasion, is genial and tuneful most of the way, and introduces some mighty weird folk to the theater where eccentricity is hardly novel. Al Capp's collection of human oddities caper through a series of wild doings in their local habitat, Dogpatch, and a larger arena called Washington, D.C. Ballet work and the musical score are interesting, but there are some typical Cappisms of a political nature and a few suggestive moments which hardly qualify as entertaining.

Maureen O'Hara has a heart-to-heart talk with pupil Tim Hovey in the comedy-romance "Everything But the Truth"



Fess Parker and Kathleen Crowley in a scene from "Westward Ho, the Wagons!"





Love Has Its Reasons

by **KILIAN McDONNELL, O.S.B.**

WRITING the history of God's love for man can be a very frustrating experience. Strictly speaking, God's love is logical. But looking up from below, from man's point of view, it is difficult to understand the logic of God's love. Love has its own reasons. Perhaps that is even a definition of love: that which knows no logic, that which always does the unexpected, that which can in no way be anticipated. God, being not only the greatest lover, but love itself, will not limit His love in any way. For this reason the writer who attempts to chronicle the history of God's love for man finds himself faced with a maze of material which just does not fit together.

This essay will lack what all good essays should have, coherence, and the fault is not mine, but God's. His love does not fit into our precise categories. We cannot tie up God's love in a neat little package and say, "There it is." We cannot marshal God's love like soldiers and present it in orderly array. God's love is a very unsoldierly thing. Soldiers in action are somewhat predictable. But God's love in action is eternally doing not only the unpredictable, but the highly unlikely.

God's love is a mystery. To understand why this mystery cannot be classified with precision, to understand why God's love is given to doing the unlikely, we have to understand that God is a completely unique being. This means that His love is also unique. Take self-love, for instance. For God to love Himself without condition, without reservation, without dependence on any other being, without reference to any good or beatitude other than that which He finds in Himself, this is, for God, the greatest virtue. What God is demands that He love Himself in this way. For man to love himself in this way is the greatest vice. What man is demands that he do not love himself in this way.

When God loves a creature, a man, whether sinner or saint, God loves him because He sees a goodness there which

is a reflection of His own goodness. What God loves in man is the image and likeness of Himself. God loves in man a beauty which God Himself has placed there. When man loves another person, he loves some goodness for which he is not generally responsible. Man does not create what he loves, he only finds it. Before John loved Mary, she was already good, honest, generous, sincere, holy. God creates what is lovable; man discovers it.

God has no need to love any other person. He can be happy—a happiness which is incapable of loneliness—just loving Himself. Man cannot be happy, indeed, he cannot live without loving someone outside of himself. The man who has stopped loving is very near to death. Nothing destroys man so completely as the incapacity to love. The man who does not love is a corpse. He should be buried.

That God loves someone outside of Himself is a sign of His perfection. God has no needs. God is self-sufficient. And yet God creates man and loves man, loves him in spite of the fact that He, God, does not need him. God does not need to be loved. He can be quite happy, infinitely happy, without our love. That man loves someone outside of himself is a sign of his imperfection. Man has needs, great needs. He is anything but self-sufficient. He fills his own emptiness by loving another.

Besides man's need to love someone else, man needs to be loved. Show me the man whom someone does not love and I will show you a man who has been reduced to a mere shadow of humanity. The man who is not loved is a hollow man, withered at his roots, an insensitive stump. John needs to love someone outside of himself, and he needs to be loved in return. And John's needs are Mary's needs, and yours and mine.

Though God does not need to love us, does not need to have us love Him, when we look at the history of man we get a different impression. Every time God steps into human history we get the impression that He does so because

He needs us, needs our love, needs to love us. All down the history of man, God goes out of His way to bind man to Himself. God binds man to Himself so frequently that it almost seems to us a compulsion. He seems compelled by an infinite need.

God bound Adam to Himself by the most inward bonds: "God created man in his image. In the image of God he created him." Man is bound to God because in fashioning the soul, God made it like Himself. When Adam proved ungrateful and sinned, God punished him. But in the same breath by which He pronounced sentence on Adam, He bound Himself to man by the promise of a Redeemer. God promised Noe that He would never again destroy man by means of a flood, and the rainbow was witness to this promise. God chose Abraham out of all living men and promised, "I will make a great nation of you . . . in you shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." At the time of Moses God bound Himself to the whole Jewish nation. So closely and intimately did God bind Himself to the Jews that He spoke of the bond in terms of marriage: "I will espouse thee to me forever; favor and redress and mercy of mine thy dowry."

When Christ became Man He bound Himself to us by flesh, blood, and bone. In baptism God binds Himself to us with His life; we are given God-life or grace. By baptism we become members of Christ's Mystical Body, forming "one person" with Christ, as St. Augustine liked to say. In heaven God will bind Himself to us with the bonds of glory, bonds which no man or god can put asunder.

God does not need us. And yet ever since Adam, God has bound Himself to man by the strongest bonds. God's love is not bound by our logic. Rather, God's love has its own logic, has reasons that are beyond our comprehension. The dimensions of the mystery of God's love are too great for us. We do not understand. This is not so much mystery to be understood as a mystery to be adored.



a sign family portrait

japanese weaver

here's life as it is lived
by a typical japanese worker

Sadahiro Nakayama makes *obis*—those wide, decorative bands worn around the waists of kimono-clad Japanese women. His shop, a small five-room, two-story house in the Nishijin section of Kyoto, is also his home. Here, he works and lives with his wife and six children, his mother-in-law and three cousins who are his assistants in the shop. It is a crowded, busy existence and a poor one (The Nakayamas are upper lower class); but it is also a contented way of life. Thankful for what they have in the way of material and spiritual goods, they pass their lives uncomplainingly and in peace.

photographs by dennis stock

*Mr. Nakayama shows his goods
to a buyer from a big Kyoto shop*



The Nakymas pose for a family portrait before their modest Kyoto home

japanese weaver *continued*

family life is crowded but intimate

Living and working under the same roof has its disadvantages (sales are frequently concluded under the watchful and curious eyes of a half dozen children), but it also makes of the Nakayama family a closely knit, co-operative unit in which everyone has his own job, however small, to do. Things are undoubtedly crowded and the same room that serves as an office and showroom during the day must make do as a bedroom at night. Yet if it were not for the many busy hands, the Nakayamas would be even worse off economically than they are now. Mr. Nakayama, a convert of ten years, takes his religion quite seriously. On Friday evenings, for example, he holds a formal instruction class for his children. And family prayer is the customary way the Nakayamas close their busy days.



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A frequent visitor to Nakyama home is Passionist missionary, Father Clement Paynther, C.P.



A deeply devout Catholic, Mr. Nakyama ends each day by gathering the family together for a few moments of evening prayer

← With six children to care for, Mr. Nakyama occasionally helps his wife with baby, Michiko



Working at the loom, Mr. Nakyama skillfully weaves one of his colorful obis

japanese weaver *continued*

chess and fishing for relaxation

In the shop, Mr. Nakyama moves quickly from one task to the next. One moment, he can be found working skillfully at a loom in a shack behind the house; the next he will be on his haunches in the office, carefully explaining the merits of his goods to a prospective buyer; a minute later, he may pause to give his wife a hand with the children or just to chat with a neighbor. The only relief he gets from this continual activity is a game of Japanese chess with a friend or an afternoon of fishing at a nearby river. His only son, Takashi, has a privileged place in these activities, being allowed to kibitz at chess and help with the fishing. When he speaks of Takashi, there is a gleam of pride in Mr. Nakyama's eye, for not only does he count on Takashi to carry on the family name and business, but he also boasts of the boy's work in school. Takashi has an A average.

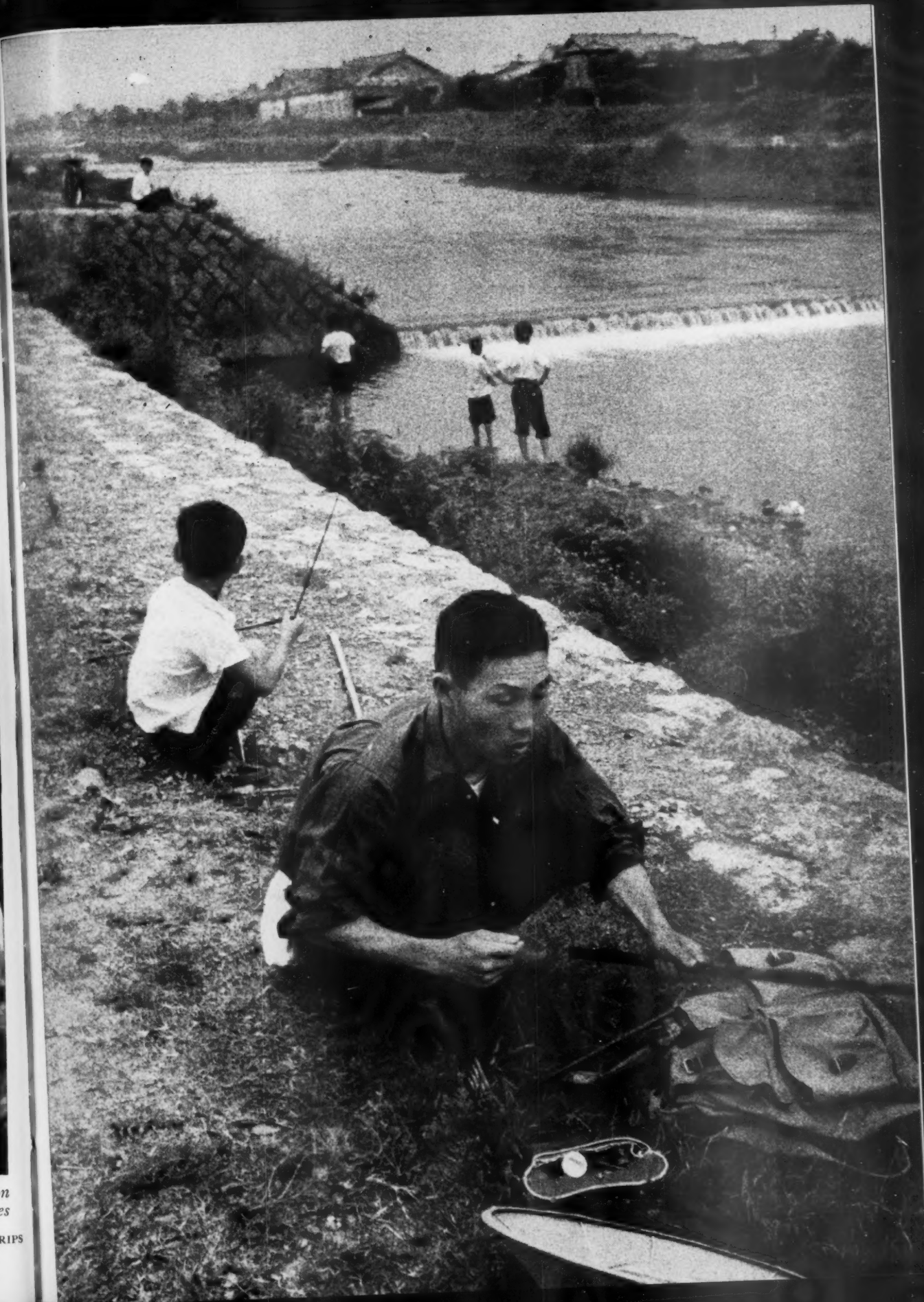


While Takashi takes advantage of his kibitzing privilege, his father and a friend concentrate on a difficult game of chess. Pieces are wedge-shaped chips of wood marked with the names of the chess pieces

AS ONLY SON, TAKASHI CAN ALSO ACCOMPANY HIS FATHER ON FISHING TRIPS

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Sisters begin each day in chapel chanting Office of Blessed Virgin

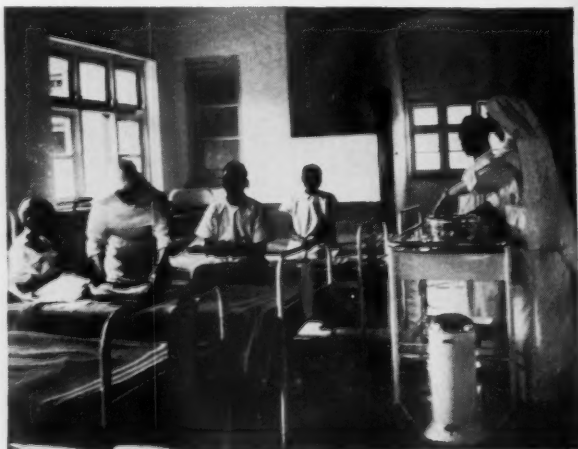
Photos by Raymond Darolle

NUN-DOCTOR IN THE CONGO

To her Sisters in the Oblates of the Assumption, the energetic, roly-poly nun who directs the 400-bed *Fond du Bien Etre Indigene* hospital in the uplands of Belgian Congo is just Sister Marie Guido. But to the townspeople of Musienene where the hospital is located, she is *Mama Muganga*—"the mother who cures." For, in an area where doctors are as scarce as mosquitoes are plentiful, the people of Musienene have found in Sister Guido a ministering angel concerned with every sickness climate and human conditions bring to pass. Working closely with her at the hospital are the convent's superior, Sister St. Francis, a chemist who does research into local diseases, and Sister Gabrielle, the hospital pharmacist. The Sisters' talents, however, lie not only in the field of science. On Sundays, for example, Sister Guido doffs her medical gown and becomes organist in the hospital chapel for a contingent of hymn-singing patients. Thanks to these nuns, life in Musienene is a little less threatening, a little more joyful than before they came to the uplands of the Congo.



A surgeon on weekdays, Sister Guido becomes an organist for contingent of hymn-singing patients in chapel on Sundays



First chore in the morning for Sister Guido is making the rounds of all the patients in the large, 400-bed hospital

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Uprooted

In the large flat field that lay between the sea road and the farmhouse the O'Briens were at the spring sowing, wasting no minute of the lovely spell of weather that had at last driven out the winter's cold from the soil. Jim, the married son, worked the horses and the plow, while his young wife dropped the potato seed on manure that the old father was forking into the furrows. Two little boys, bread crumbs on their jerseys and jam on their cheeks, were occasionally carrying boxes of seed to their mother or pausing to watch their granda and telling him they wouldn't eat potatoes that grew on such smelly stuff.

"Ah, me boys, you'll be glad to eat anything if this accursed war lasts much longer," and he stuck his fork in the manure and took out his pipe. He blew through the shank and told the boys not to be lazy and to go and help their mother.

It was a fine April day, the sky a thin blue, larks testing their throats in it, and a clean wind sweeping freely in from the sea and flattening the smoke from the fires of weeds and twigs that were burning in many of the fields around.

"There's great heart in that soil, Jim," the old man called out as the son passed up field with the plodding horses.

"Ach, father, if there was some heart in the horse we'd have the field finished long ago."

"They'll do us rightly till the war is over and then we'll get the tractor. We'll get it, son, never fear. Our name is down for one, high up in the list," and he smiled as he

by Michael McLaverty

ILLUSTRATED BY
ROBERT HILBERT

He gazed at the place where his house had stood. But it was no longer there

he being



RH

watched the good-natured soil curve like brown water from the shining blades of the plow.

"McKeever knew to get one before the war started," the son said, urging on the horses. "We're always late!"

"We'll drive her when she comes—won't we, granda?" one of the little boys said.

"You will, my lads, indeed you will. In a short while you'll be big lumps of fellas and you'll be able to give your granda a long rest," and he spat on his hands and lifted the fork to do another spell of work.

They were fine grandchildren, "fine biddable boys," he said to himself, "and Jim had God's blessing about him when he married their mother. She's a good wife, a good daughter-in-law, a good worker—a whole trinity of goodness." And he raised his head and looked across at her, bent over the drills, her Wellingtons browned with clay and her red head-scarf lifted in the wind. Beyond her was their comfortable farmhouse, the baby's washing fluttering whitely on the clothesline in the garden.

Everything looked lively, sheep calling to their lambs in the adjoining fields, gulls flying inland to the turned-up soil, the twigs crackling in the fire at the foot of the field and the smoke taking the sting from the air. The sheep dog lay on an empty sack at the side of the hedge and the boys were piling the empty boxes at each side of him to make a kennel. Now and again they stared in the direction of the fire, yearning to throw twigs on it. But they were forbidden to go near it, for yesterday some sparks had fallen on their jerseys and had burnt brown holes in them.

For divilment they threw pieces of sod at their granda when his back was turned, and when he looked toward their mother and not at them they began to laugh. They raised their heads and spied out the larks like crumbs of clay against the blue sky. They tried to count them but were forever losing sight of them or counting ones they had already counted before. Then a screeching of brakes made them turn their eyes to the sea road where an army car with a canvas cover had pulled up.

"Soldiers!" the boys shouted.

"They'll shoot the pair of you," the granda called out as he saw them scamper to the foot of the field.

The granda rested his arms on the fork and saw five men, three in uniform, come out from the back of the jeep. They stretched their arms, stamped their feet on the road, and lit cigarettes. "Nothing like the army for laziness," he said to himself. "If they'd wield this fork for an hour or two it'd slacken the hide on them."

The men gazed seawards, swung their arms back and forth to warm themselves, and leisurely returned to the car and took things from the back of it. The old man spat out and eyed them with intense but puzzled curiosity. Two of the men paced the road, stretching a steel tape measure that flashed in the sun like a live eel. They were up on the fence now, scanning the field.

The car moved some perches along the road and again the men got out, carrying with them a white pole with black and red markings.

Jim halted the horses when his father asked him what he thought the army men might be doing.

"God knows, father, what they're up to. They mightn't know themselves. Maybe they're going to plant a gun on top of the mound or make stores for bombs."

"They'll plant no gun or no bombs on my land!"

They saw the strangers enter the sheep field and close the gate behind them. They saw one place the white pole near the foot of the mound and another erect a gadget on a tripod, stoop and peer through it, his hands resting on his thighs.

"Devil's own cheek!" the old man said, and throwing down his fork he crossed the potato field and shouted across a narrow stream that divided it from the sheep field.

"Eh, eh, what is it you're wanting there?"

"Surveying, old man, surveying!" one said and wrote something in a notebook he carried in his hand.

"Surveying what?"

They didn't answer him but lifted the tripod and marched off round the mound as if they knew the lie of the land as one reared on it.

All enthusiasm for work drained away from the old man as he watched them disappear behind the small hill. He had heard of land being taken over by the army in other parts of the county but had hoped that nothing like that would befall them. Not a square foot would he give them! Let them go and seize some boggy stretch that's no good for beast nor crop! He spat into the stream and buttoned his coat. He saw them come round from the back of the hill, saw them take the path past Dan Cusack's old house and heard Dan's old dog raise its hoarse bark. Horses had halted in other fields, and nothing moved now but gulls on the turned-up soil and the warm smoke from the fires drifting inland and hazing the distance.

In about two hours' time the strangers returned to the road and, when their car had driven off, the old man kept mumbling to himself, debating

with his own uneasy thoughts and urging Jim to quit for the day. He'd have no peace of mind till the meaning of this sudden trespass upon his land had been unraveled.

"Och, father, forget about them. We might never see light nor sight of them again. They're probably some young officers learning about war."

"And what kind of war could they learn in an old field that grazes a flock of sheep? And why didn't they answer me civilly when I put speak on them? 'Surveying' they said and walked off as if I was an old stump of a tree you'd strike a match on."

And that evening he urged his son to hurry at his supper and cycle into the village to see if there was any talk about the strangers. Old Dan Cusack came over for his usual visit. He knew nothing; the strangers had said nothing to him, didn't even bid him the time of day, but marched on past his house with maps and strangelooking gear. No, they had no guns with them as far as he could see. Both agreed that it boded no good.

It was late that night when Jim came back and there was no one in the kitchen except the old man smoking at the fire and Mary ironing the clothes on the table.

"There was talk and rumors of talk," the son said as he hung up his cap at the back of the door.

"Aye."

"No one knows for certain what's afoot. Some say they're going to build barracks of some sort."

"But they can't build on a man's land without permission. Are all rights to be choked and smothered because there's a war on?"

"The government, they say, can do whatever they damn well like. They say they can seize a man's land and pay him compensation."

"Nothing can compensate a man for the loss of his land!" the old man shouted and rose from his chair.

"No use, father, crossing a bridge before you come to it. There mightn't be a grain of truth in any of the rumors."

"Sure if they were going to take over a field or two you'd be the first to hear of it, granda," Mary said and brought him a light for his pipe that had gone out.

"I suppose you're right, Mary, I suppose you're right," and he lifted a lamp and went out to look at the cows.

"Not a word to him, Mary," Jim said in a low voice, "But the sergeant in the village was saying he heard on good authority they were going to build an aerodrome in the flat of the land."

During the next few days the car came again and the strange men in uniform

THE EXILED

by ELIZABETH WEHNER

There is an ache in the heart —

*These home-far shores and unaccustomed climes
Can vouch the bleak forsakenness,
Bearable alone for the God-filled purposes
And the knowing that here is the right.*

*This is the hour of my daily return
With a weariness that can be assuaged:
My dear one, the dinner hour, the hominess
And little arms uplifted . . .*

There is an ache in souls —

*Treasures are ravage-torn, and true nurture,
The Flesh that is food, the Blood, drink indeed,
Gone with the exiled priest. Ah the yearning
For that lightly accepted in a bygone day.*

*Quickly! Snuff the candle remnant.
Childhood's transparent eyes of innocence, what to reveal?
How is it theirs to know, to love, to serve?
Little arms uplifted . . .*

were seen, crossing and recrossing neighboring fields, and in the evenings they were gone, leaving no traces behind them except the rib marks of the car's tires on the grassy side of the sea road. And in the farmers' minds they left a disquieting curiosity that seized on every rumor and magnified it.

At the end of three weeks, after showers of rain and the green potato tops struggling into vigorous life, the postman handed a letter to Mary O'Brien.

"I've a fine handful of these letters with me this morning," he said. "I've even one for Dan Cusack."

She looked at the letter, closed the door, and handed it to the old man. He opened it, saw the strange typescript, and gave it to his son to read. He read it slowly, and slower still came the realization of what it contained. They were ordered to leave their farm and have all goods and chattels thereon removed within three months. Compensation would be agreed upon by the parties concerned.

"I'm not going!" the old man shouted. "I'm not stirring hand or foot from the land that reared me!" He strode about the kitchen, stamping his feet and gazing out the window, his fists resting on the table.

"Sit down and take your breakfast, granda," Mary said.

"I'll not eat till I come back. I'm going out."

Jim and Mary stared at him, afraid to ask him where he was going. They saw him take his stick and go out along the sea road, the dog at his heels.

The old man saw nothing, heard nothing, not even the plunge of the sea breaking on the stones below the road. He turned to the left, disappeared behind the grassy mound and headed for the priest's house. The priest had just finished his breakfast, the housekeeper clearing away the dishes, when the old man rang the bell at the door. The housekeeper ushered him into the sitting room, where he sat, his eyes fixed on the chair dents that were like paw marks in the polished linoleum.

He gave the letter to the priest and though he already knew what it would contain he read it slowly. A month ago he had already written a letter of protest about the prospective aerodrome and had pointed out that a graveyard lay in the vicinity. But his protest did not postpone the prepared plans and they assured him that the graveyard did not come without the boundaries of the commandeered territory.

"It's bad news, Tom," the priest said, folding the old man's letter, "And it's hard news!"

"But surely, Father, they can't drive a man from his own land. Drive him

out on the road like a pack of worthless tinkers."

"They could drive me from mine if it stood in their way."

The old man stared at him, uncomprehending, enraged at an unseen force against which priest nor man had any power.

"What's to be done, Father? We've no place to turn to. All our lives we've worked honestly, paid our debts, and buried our dead when their time came."

The priest explained that there were others in the parish, all those in the hollow, who would get their notice to quit. He said something about the cruelty of war, about suffering, and about the cruel, inhuman element that emerged from war's preparation and war's prolongation. He spoke of countries ravaged by war, countries where not one farmer or two farmers but thousands were driven out on the roads with nowhere to lay their heads. The old man listened but everything the priest was saying seemed far away, like something out of a history book, something that bore no relation to him or his family.

"We can do nothing, Tom, but will what God wills," and he rested his hand on the old man's shoulder. "Make up

your mind to go and get ready at once. And get a high valuation put on your land. That's my advice to you." and he told him of the letter of protest he had written and that there was no human feeling, no mercy, in officialdom.

"But maybe, Father, the war will end in three months."

"It's not likely to end in three months—it may take years."

"Then we'll have to go, Father. There's no hope anywhere." The priest nodded his head, aware of the foolishness of tethering the old man's mind to a hopeless hope.

The priest watched him go out, and from the window he watched him move among the mounds in the graveyard and kneel down, one hand resting on a headstone above the graves of his own people.

When he arrived home all fight had gone out of him as he sat at the table.

"Were you away to see about the tractor, granda?" one of his grandsons asked him.

"Tractor, son, what tractor?"

"Give your granda peace to take his breakfast. Run out and play yourselves like good boys."

"Leave them alone, Mary, when the heart's cold the voice of a child can

warm it," and as he took his breakfast he told Jim to sell the sheep, then the cattle, but to leave the horses to the last.

A shower of rain fell, scoring the windowpane with streaks of silver, and washing the dust from the potato leaves in the large, flat field. There'd be a rich harvest there, but there'd be no one to harvest them, and in a short while no smoke would rise from the farmsteads and at night no comforting light shine out from Dan Cusack's across the wide fields. The larks would be free in the sky, but soon there wouldn't be the bark of a dog in the fields and where children once played there would be nothing but huts peopled with strangers who had no wish to be here.

At night the old man went out alone with his dog, wandering the roads and calling in with Dan Cusack to shred his worries in useless talk. And then home again when the sky was a harvest of stars and the sea waves breaking in unchanging sound upon the stones on the shore.

In June Dan Cusack went away. The O'Briens helped him to flit, his few sticks of furniture piled and roped on a cart, and Dan sitting on top of the old door. Easy for one man to leave and set up house again. Any old four walls that were still standing would do him. All he needed was to fling a few sheets of corrugated iron over them to keep out the rain. And that's what Dan did.

But the O'Briens hadn't the luck Dan expected. There were no farms for sale and Jim didn't try hard to find one. His mind was set in starting a shop in Downpatrick, a town where his children would have schools at their own doorstep. His chief difficulty was to coax his father into his way of thinking, and one evening when his father came in from Dan's Jim told him that the only farms to be had were in the county of Antrim.

"Antrim has cold, clabbery land— heavy land that'd kill them not used to it," the father said. "It's not like the dry loose soil of our own county. You may drop all notion of going there, Jim. Wherever we go it mustn't be far away from our own people."

"What people, father?"

"Your own people that's at peace in the graveyard beyond."

Jim paused, paused until he was sure that this memory and its associations had sunk below the present moment.

"What if we settled for awhile in Downpatrick, father? It's only ten miles away."

"You can't farm the streets of a town."

"I was thinking we could start a shop there."

"A shop!" and his father stared at him and spat into the fire.

"I mean we could start a shop and when the war's over we could sell it and come back here."

"Come back here! But, son, the house will not . . ."

"I've heard tell of them opening roads in other places, making plans, and then calling a halt to them."

"I pray God they'll give this up. Maybe, Jim, they'll blot it all out. Maybe after all it was foolish to sell the sheep in haste."

It wasn't the answer the son anticipated and he added quickly:

"McKeever, I hear, is ready to leave by tomorrow. We'll be the last."

"McKeever!" and the old man took the pipe from his lips. "If McKeever goes we may go. I never knew that man to make a mistake."

"He's going to live in the city from what I hear."

"That'll be the first mistake he made in his life."

"We'll never go there, father. Downpatrick's bad enough," he hedged.

A screeching of brakes made them turn their eyes. "Soldiers!" the boy shouted

"Still it's a friendly, wee town and the fields and the hills wash up close to it."

"I couldn't end my days in it."

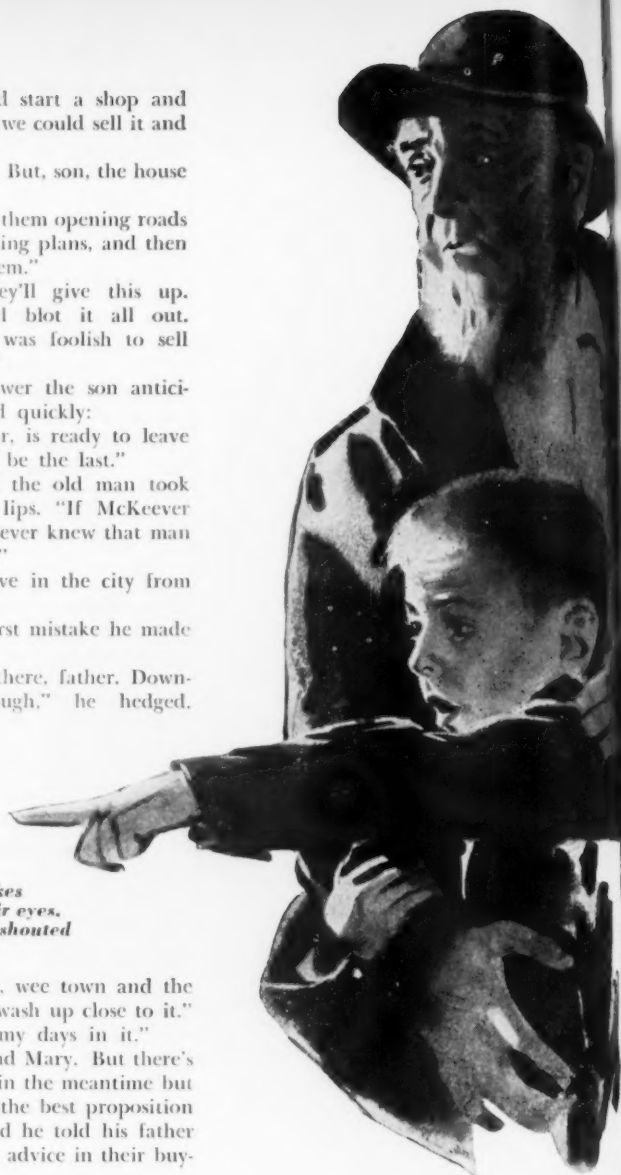
"Nor could me and Mary. But there's nothing else for us in the meantime but buy a shop. That's the best proposition I can think of," and he told his father how they'd need his advice in their buying and selling.

The old man nodded his head: "Whatever you do may the good God guide you in it. You have your life to live, and what you think will be good for Mary and the children will be good enough for me." It was no use at his age, he thought, struggling against his son when there was a coarser authority struggling against them all.

Within two weeks the son had bought a place in Downpatrick and, after removing most of the furniture from the farmhouse, he brought in his wife and children. The old man spoke little to anyone. One day remained to him and he tramped the fields for the last time. The silence of the grave lay over them. Scaffoldings of new huts were being erected on the sea road, heaps of shavings like the shearings of sheep were blown against the hedges, and the strokes of the men's hammers sounded to the old man like the pulse of his

own blood. He reached Dan Cusack's deserted house and, as he crossed the threshold that had no door, a swallow flew out past him. Strange he never noticed them arriving this year, and he now gazed at them skimming swift and sure over the sunny fields. Inside in the house ashes lay on the hearth, and stones and glass littered the floor where schoolboys had broken the windows when taking a short cut across the fields. Up in a corner clung the gray nest of the swallows. They, too, would be cleared out, nothing was safe, nothing left undisturbed. Foolish birds, he said to himself, why didn't you go to the hills, anywhere but here. They'll not let you rest.

When they were settled in Downpatrick, the shop closed in the evenings and the father gone to bed, the son used to talk to his wife of the last journey



they had made from the house: how his father had padlocked the gate, had his last look at the dark windows of the house, the trees in leaf in the garden and how he had spotted the clothesline and nothing would do him but open up the gate again and go back for that old bit of line. They worried about him for he didn't go out much except to leave the two boys at the school in the morning and call into the church beside it. The sheep-dog, too, was listless: its coat lost its shine, and its nose was dry and cracked like a piece of black rubber.

At night the streets were dark and few lamps lighted, and before going to bed the old man listened to the news on the radio, news that might tell him of the war's end. And the mornings were cold and silent. Few lorries or cars were on the roads because of the scarcity of petrol, and it was only on fair days that the old man would rise early on hearing the knocking of farm carts descending to the town and see from his window the sheep on the road with their breaths hanging above them like a sudden fall of sea mist.

He would hurry on with his breakfast to get out among the lots of sheep that were being sold, the dog barking madly and the old man searching for a familiar face among the groups of farmers. And the seldom time he did spot a friend it was to inquire about the changes that had taken place beyond. Dan Cusack's old house was leveled, he was told, for they were making a road that way. And there were as many new huts about the place as would house an army.

The old man would tell his son about these changes, and tell him that the house must still be standing for nobody had said a word about it. And God would keep her standing he would say to reinforce his faith.

And it was at one of these sheep-fairs that he unexpectedly met Dan Cusack. All day he had been moving around the fair and was returning despondently to the shop when he saw Dan leaning against the counter talking to Jim.

"It's Dan!" the old man shouted, putting an arm on his shoulder and gripping his hand. "And how are you at all at all?"

"Never better in my life, thank God. And Jim's after selling me as much tobacco as'd do me for a year of wet Sundays."

"When there's tobacco in the shop there's nobody we'd gladder give it to than yourself."

"There's not a grain of tobacco to be had in the old place. It was well worth the journey to get it."

"And how did you get here, Dan?"

"I walked a bit and then got a lift in a cart, and the same man's giving me a lift back."

"And your old house is tumbled, I hear?"

"She is. Right through her is a tarred road as shiny as the back of a herring. A runway, they call it."

"I suppose there's great changes everywhere?"

Jim knew what was coming but he had Dan well-primed.

"Aye," Dan said, staring across the counter at bottles of sweets. "Big changes everywhere."

"New huts and sheds?"

"Aye, huts and sheds."

"I'd hardly know the place?"

Dan took the pipe from his lips, prodded the bowl with his forefinger, and struck a match.

"And our house, Dan? Is she—is she in bad shape?"

"No," Dan said, staring at the lighted match above the bowl of his pipe. "She's in fine health."

"Maybe the villains won't touch her. You'll see us back in her some day."

"It could all be," Dan said, not looking at him, while Jim stooped below the counter pretending to rummage for something.

"I must be on my way," Dan said. "But I'll be back soon again."

The old man went out with Dan. They had a quick drink together in a pub, then he saw Dan climb into a farmer's cart and set off out of the town.

There was another month to the next fair, for he had marked the date on a calendar that hung in the shop. But he didn't intend to wait that length of time till he'd see again, or maybe not see, some one from his part of the country. Maybe if he walked a mile or so out of the town he'd get a lift in a cart and see the changes that Dan talked about. It didn't matter how he'd get back—he'd get back somehow, he felt.

He said nothing to Jim or Mary, and about two weeks later when the children were in school and the sun shining frostily on the roofs of the houses he set off, the dog with him. He climbed the hilly road above the town and in front of him saw the uneven fields that merged into the hazy distance. He felt in fine form, his stick giving sharp taps on the road. A fresh breeze was blowing and the falling leaves hopped and flittered like mice, and his dog rubbed the itch of itself against the grassy banks that edged the road, ran back and sniffed his trousers and scampered ahead again.

He had gone nearly two miles when a cart overtook him and left him down a mile from the sea. The sun was setting and the long shadows of trees

stretched across the road and bent up on the grassy banks at the other side. The air became colder. He could smell the salt in it and he could hear the dull roar of the sea.

In front of him over familiar fields were the outlines of many buildings he had never seen before. But he kept to the road and it brought him among low timbered-huts, huts that swarmed around him on all sides. Concrete paths branched off the road, and at each path was an arrow-shaped signpost with printed letters that made no sense.

He was in a strange place, but the road led somewhere, and close to a bend in it that he should know so well there was a single-story building with many windows and many doors. Two of the doors were open and the rest were closed, and a man with an aluminum kettle passed by, and another man with shaving cream on his chin shouted something and closed his door. And now all the doors were closed.

But somewhere to the back of that building was his own house and the road to it, but the road that led to that road he could not find. He trudged on, past piles of drainpipes and heaps of sand, and past machines that were like tractors, silent machines plastered with clay and splashed with cement.

And then suddenly he found himself in the cold open air amidst the rushing noise from the sea. He halted and to his left saw the long tarred road Dan had mentioned, and there was a flock of gulls on it and far beyond them were the church and the graveyard, places he had never seen from this part of the sea road. And then he saw that the sheep-mound was leveled and everything made flat as the sea.

The dog ran away from him and he saw it lapping up water from the stream, the stream that used to flow at the side of his potato field. The dog barked, and with wet paws raced along the smooth, tarred road. He followed it till he left the buildings behind him, and then he stopped and gazed toward the place where his house should stand. But it was no longer there, not a stone of it to be seen. There was nothing but a windy plain with neither tree, nor bush, nor cow, nor sheep upon it. Nothing but vacancy, and in the sky where the sun had set was a red patch like the glow of fire on a hearthstone.

The dog barked at the gulls and they arose from the black road and passed overhead out to sea. The dog ran back, licked the old man's hands, and bounded to the stream again. The old man didn't seem to see it. He trembled and gripped the stick in his hand, his eyes resting on the church and the white headstones in the graveyard.



Then there was the don't-pick-up-the-baby-when-he-cries-or-he-might-think-you-love-him school. Says Ma Hume

The Art of Kiddieman-ship

Looking for twenty-four easy rules on how to make a man out of Junior? Well, you won't find them here 'cause good Mother Hume will have none o' that truck

by **RUTH HUME**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RAE RUSSEL





Ma Hum
Isn't that what lungs are made for?



The important thing for young parents is, be yourself! Any book that gives rules for every case is a snare

A child needs a sense of security, so don't let half-baked child experts get you nervous and worrisome

THE LUCKIEST MOMENT of life as a mother was when I discovered a new use for my book on how to raise children," wrote the mother of three, some years ago, in a woman's magazine. "I stopped reading it and let my two-year-old sit on it at the dinner table. It's a fine book, not quite so thick as the telephone directory, but much harder."

Lots of parents feel this way about books of expert advice on how to bring up one's children. To many people the very term "child psychology book" conjures up the image of a fiendish little boy dismembering the coffee-table with a buzz saw, while his mother looks on saying, "That's all right, dear. You must feel free to express yourself."

This reminds me of a line I sometimes heard in the days when I was writing detective stories. "Who did the murder this time?" people used to chortle. "The butler?"

Now the butler, poor man, is a literary museum piece. He hasn't been allowed to do a murder for about forty years. It's the same with child psychology books. The lunatic fringe school of self-expression-at-all-costs has been out of favor with competent child experts for years. But the ghastly memory lingers on.

Other memories linger too. Considering some of the bills of goods that have been sold to the child-raising public in the last fifty years by child psychologists, it's easy to see why some parents feel inclined to mutter, "A pox on the lot of you!"

Remember the rigid schedule, or feed-the-baby-every-four-hours-no-matter-how-hard-he-cries rule? This peachy idea was widely regarded as revealed truth for more than a quarter of a century. By the mid-1940's the experts began to suspect the fact that maybe each baby knew when he was hungry better than some professor who had written a book in 1912. But in the intervening years millions of babies howled in hungry misery while millions of conscientious mothers watched the creeping hands of the clock and wept because the baby had "colic."

The idea that feeding a baby off schedule would produce peptic ulcers and juvenile delinquency went along with other tidbits of child care developed by the extremist popularizers of "behaviorism," a system of psychology widely admired in the '20s. It was the don't-pick-up-the-baby-when-he-cries-or-he-might-think-you-love-him school of thought. The idea seemed to be that once a baby caught on that crying got any action out of you he would then use it as a weapon by which to rule the household. (This overlooked the rather

obvious fact—obvious, at least, to my naïve maternal mind—that a baby's cry, penetrating beyond its decibel power, is a weapon, given to him by God, for the sole purpose of getting us slow-moving adults to take care of his needs with a minimum of dawdling.)

The popular concept of the crafty baby, his eyes glinting with malicious delight as he thinks up new ways to booby-trap his parents, held on for some years. Unfortunately it has faint repercussions even now. I read an otherwise excellent article in these very pages, recently, in which one highly respected psychiatrist passed along, without demurrer, this blood-chilling suggestion from another highly respected psychiatrist: if an infant cries when there's no good reason for crying, he might profitably be spanked to avoid forming a habit of excessive demands.

Now, really, gentlemen! As the mother of four—ages five, four, three, and twenty-one months—let me be the first to inform you that a) a baby does not make cause-and-effect judgments of the type required to make this method work, and b) that it's absolutely impossible to say when a baby is crying for no good reason. Maybe the baby thinks he has a good reason, even if no one else does. And the day when we have to stop giving babies the benefit of the doubt is the day I wish to resign from the human race.

This was the chip-on-the-shoulder method of child care. Predictably, the equal and opposite reaction that followed it was a lulu. The pendulum swung, God help us, to the free-expression or no-repression era of child psychology. The ghastly child who ran roughshod through the thirties, breaking windows and heads in the name of self-expression, seems a comic figure today. But think of the real misery which the "experts" of those days did to these children by depriving them of the direction and discipline so essential to their happiness and security.

The weird idea that "you must never say 'no' to a child" persisted late in the literature. "There could not be a more cruel or stupid thing said to little children than 'Don't touch!'" a psychologist wrote in 1938. "It simply means, 'Don't learn!'" (Of course it could also mean, "Don't toast your little fingers on the steam iron, dear," or "Don't sprinkle the sewing-machine attachments into the sandbox, pet. Mother can't tell the hammer from the binder as it is!")

The experts *did* keep switching the

RUTH HUME, mother of four children and wife of Paul Hume, music critic for the *Washington Post*, has written extensively for magazines.

rules on us. And they were a dogmatic lot, these experts of the first half of the century. They used to give us parents fits for not following the rules, tricky as it was to keep track of just whose rules were currently in force. But now a new twist has appeared in the psychological pretzel. *Now*, by golly, the psychologists are beginning to get huffy with us parents because we worry too much about following the rules.

Here is Dr. D. C. Williams, a Canadian psychologist, on the subject. "Parents have become so concerned about being good parents that they have become in many cases bad parents. They have become indecisive, insecure, anxious, worrisome, self-critical, and completely lacking in the qualities of stability a child needs for his own sense of security."

Come now, Doctor! This may well be true. But who was it who made us so indecisive, insecure, anxious, worrisome, and self-critical in the first place?

Let's be reasonable and fair about child psychologists, though, as we parents can certainly afford to be. We outnumber them about a million to one. Fumblers though some undoubtedly were, it would hardly be sporting to visit the sins of the last generation of "experts" on the heads of this one. We don't, after all, refuse to patronize physicians just because their great-grandfathers treated anemia by blood-letting. Psychology is a science, too, and, like all sciences, it learns from experience. Obviously the above-quoted psychologist is not trying to put himself out of work by liquidating his entire profession. When he says that there is just too much conflicting advice to parents floating around, he is not talking about the really competent, thoughtful psychologists who write books about child care and guidance. What he so rightly objects to are the unqualified or half-trained "experts," self-styled, who flood the magazines, newspapers, and bookshelves with *do's* and *don't's*; the "experts" with the catchy slogan and the answer—just one answer—for every situation that will ever arise in the life of a child. "Any book," says Dr. Williams, "that gives parents specific rules for all situations is a snare."

I came across a made-to-order example of this in the Sunday newspaper supplement last week. ARE YOU A GOOD PARENT? the magazine inquired suspiciously, in banner type, and then provided a handy method of finding out: one of those numerous self-analysis quizzes by which the press of the country seems determined to make every living-room sofa a sort of do-it-yourself psychiatrist's couch. I regret to inform you that around here we started right

out by flunking hands down on the first question. "Do you think it's all right to argue in front of the children?" the quizmaster asked. Well, we have this naïvely outmoded feeling about parents not doing too much arguing anywhere, and particularly not in front of the younger generation. In any case, it surely depends on the age and temperament of the individual children and a lot of other factors. According to the quiz, though, there's only one right answer: it's perfectly all right to argue in front of children. Makes 'em realize there are two sides to every question, or something. Go right ahead and argue.

Much of the yes-no, definitive, unshaded advice handed out by magazine and newspaper "experts" is well intentioned and it would be absolutely delightful if it could be followed all the time. But to worry and fret because we find it impossible to follow unfollowable advice is just plain silly. "Never lose your temper around a child," "Don't ever show a child that you're angry," etc. How many times have you seen these starry-eyed words of advice? Of course it is a highly desirable thing to keep as calm as you possibly can for the twenty-five years or so you'll be on the job. And constantly to be blowing one's top at the kiddies is a sign that one's emotional age is not too much higher than theirs. But let's be reasonable about this business of never losing your temper. Let's say it's been 96° in the shade all day, and the baby is cutting a molar, and the washing machine has just gone on the blink at 4 p.m. on the Saturday before Labor Day. You really mean you won't lose your temper when a noisy, tearful argument develops during bedtime-snack time over who is going to take title to the authentic plastic Venetian poison ring that just turned up in the bottom of the Peppsy Poppies box? If not, you'd better see a doctor first thing in the morning. Chances are you've fallen into a catatonic trance and been too busy to notice it. (Of course the character you're really angry at is the irresponsible Madison Avenue bachelor—he *must* have been a bachelor—who thought of adding one piece of junk to each cereal box in the first place!)

If you rush into the room and take well-directed aim at little Freddie because you thought he was the one who bopped the baby over the head with a shoe-tree and it was really little sister who did it—well, it might give you and little Freddie the temporary feeling that some days it just isn't worth getting out of bed. But surely the incident won't corrode Freddie's soul, until at the age of seventeen he suddenly takes a meat cleaver to little sister. Yet according to

the faddist popularizers of Freud, you and Freddie have had it. Extremists of the "early experience" or "traumatic shock" school have had parents on pins and needles for years with the nasty suspicion that the entire adult personality is composed of subconscious grudges against one's parents.

Even the advice of good, competent, nonmaniacal psychologists must be followed elastically, as they mean it to be. To expect one set of rules to fit every child is just plain silly. It doesn't work, even in a physical process as uninvolved as the feeding of an infant—uninvolved, that is, in comparison with the psychological processes that will shortly develop. Peter, the youngest Hume, was kept in the hospital for three days after I had left it, under observation for a "nervous stomach." Peter, the nursery reported, couldn't keep his food down and didn't sleep satisfactorily. The idea that we had produced a nervous wreck, who, at the age of seven days was already on phenobarbitol, was disturbing, but we did not worry too much about it. There was one basic fact about Peter which no one but the parents of his brothers and sister could interpret properly: he was a Hume, all nine red-headed pounds of him. On the basis of this alone we had a fairly good idea what was troubling him. Our suspicions were confirmed when we had finally talked his way out of the hospital. There was only one thing that made Peter's stomach "nervous": being empty. The hospital's three-hour feeding time, perfectly reasonable and satisfactory to all the reasonable babies in the nursery, was just about two hours longer than Mr. Peter cared to wait during the early days of his life. During his first seventy-two hours at home, Peter had a bottle in his mouth at least forty-five minutes out of every waking hour. He would sometimes drain one filled, eight-ounce bottle and then start in immediately on another. In case the Securities Exchange Commission has been investigating an unexplained rise in the stock of the Similac Company for the first quarter of 1955, it can relax. Nobody was gunning the books. It was just Peter Hume. Finally the great bottomless pit was filled and Peter leveled off.

While Peter was swilling Similac and eating cereal three times a day, at the age of three weeks, Mary Ellen, his friend and contemporary across the street, was also making hash of the feeding regulations. Mary Ellen didn't seem to care for eating at all. She slept for hours without a bottle and then left it half full.

These two "feeding problems" were outside together today, studying ad-



One set of rules for every child is plain silly, claims Mother Hume. Take feeding. One baby may howl unmercifully until that great, big bottomless pit is satisfied. But the kid across the street is a dabbler. Force-fitting them to a rule is a mistake

vanced sandbox. They are quite a sight. Mary Ellen is a small-boned, daintily built young lady. Peter is an incipient tackle. Neither one could be described as either thin or fat. They seem to have exactly the amount of flesh needed to upholster their respective bones. What are they eating these days? Whatever the rest of the family happens to be eating at the time.

There is no reason to believe that psychological rules-of-thumb will work any better for all cases than feeding rules do. Unless you maintain a full-time graduate psychologist as a living-in maid, there is no such thing as an "expert" on *your* child, for each child is a uniquely endowed individual. There is another slant to this individuality angle that seldom turns up in popular psychology books. Parents are individuals too. They can't always feel and act just the way the psychology books say they are supposed to feel and act. Children have to live in the households of which they are members for twenty years or so. *Within reasonable limits*, they should learn to adjust to them. Some mothers, for example, are perfectly willing to wait until the kiddies are of responsible age before making a big thing of the

interior decorating. But some mothers, for better or worse, and probably worse, really feel strongly on the subject of order around the house. *Within reasonable limits*, the children might just as well get used to it. Some fathers are able to read, to play the piano, to do crossword puzzles, to study actuarial tables, or to take a nap on the living room sofa in blissful oblivion of the cowboy and Indian massacre going on all around them. But some fathers can't. The cowboys and Indians might just as well find out about this early in life.

How can we determine the "reasonable limits"? By applying the same guides which, together with prayer, can keep the household running as smoothly as households ever do run: common sense and courtesy—the courtesy which we are so careful to extend to acquaintances and strangers but sometimes, through constant association, forget to apply to the underfoot set, who need it more than anybody else.

It is in the guidepost department that the professional psychologists can help us, too. No Catholic mother should begin her career as one without the help of Sister Mary Lourdes' charming and practical *Baby Grows in Age and*

Grace. And with it she will need the Spock and Gesell classics to which Sister refers her readers throughout and particularly, as she says, when they need encouragement! None of these experts claim to know all the answers about everybody's child. What they do know is that although each child is unique the process of growth follows certain well-defined patterns. The parents who are hep to these patterns will save themselves lots of needless worry. It reminds me of a literate ten-year-old friend of ours who, while reading the Gesell Institute newspaper column dealing with eleven-year-olds, said to her father with real awe, "Gee, Daddy, you'd better enjoy me while you can. I'm gonna be a real stinker next year!"

I guess that Dr. Williams is right about parents who worry too much. It just doesn't help. There is, after all, no possibility of always doing just the right thing at the right time in dealing with our children.

My philosophical five-year-old summed it up nicely one day when things had been less than ideal around the house. "Now don't worry, Mommy," he said. "We have our ups and downs around here. But mostly we have ups!"



United Press
When a cute trick from Sydney named Betty Cuthbert won a sprint for ladies, papers headlined it: "Betty—You Beauty"

This was by all odds

THE WINDS FI

by RED SMITH

For the first time since foot racers crawled out of caves and learned to walk on their hind legs, the summer Olympics have now been conducted in the winter, or perhaps these were winter Olympics run in the summer, depending on which side of the equator you're watching from. Not that the distinction is important, for the enterprising Australians contrived to bring chaos out of confusion by providing weather typical of four seasons practically every day.

It is no more than common courtesy for a visitor lately returned from Melbourne to observe that an enterprising spirit is Australia's proudest heritage. It was this quality that got the continent settled in the first place, on the recommendation of English judges who ordered many of Britain's liveliest and most original thinkers shipped out to Botany Bay in leg irons.

Anyhow, Melbourne did manage to get on with the sweaty carnival of the Sixteenth Olympiad, and made a tremendous spectacle of it. If an athlete here or an official there occasionally made a spectacle of himself, too, that's probably to be expected in a hemisphere where everybody walks upside down and even sluggish blood tends to rush to the head.

It was by all odds the windiest of Olympics, and this does not refer to the chilling blasts whipping out of Antarctica across the Southern Ocean. Never before had the brass of world amateurism been so triumphantly wired for sound, and it was a dull day, indeed, when there were fewer than five speeches about how these exercises were going to leave the peoples of this troubled earth all palsy-walsy and cozy.

Meanwhile, boxers clobbered one another, water polo players scuttled strangling rivals, and at least one basketball player gnawed on an opponent's person in the interest of international comity.

The Olympics, Avery Brundage declared at every opportunity, offer competition among individuals and not among nations. The president of the International Olympic Committee preached this gospel at public gatherings and expounded it in press interviews, and when he could find no other audience he mumbled it at dinner over his oysters, which look something like ears on the half shell.

Even as he spoke, there'd be 100,000 in the Melbourne Cricket Ground shrieking and stomping and rending their haberdashery in an orgy of nationalistic zeal.

It is always thus. Solemnly the Olympic fathers explain that no country ever wins these games and none is supposed to. No official team score is kept, and each day the scoreboard bears a reminder that the rating of teams on a national basis is not recognized.

the windiest of the Olympics, and I don't mean the chill blasts whipping out of the Antarctic

FROM MOUNT OLYMPUS

Then a guy wins a foot race. With ritualistic pomp and ceremony, he is installed upon a pedestal to receive his gold medal. The flag of his homeland is raised, the band plays his national anthem, thousands of his countrymen bellow and beat their palms raw, and great, meaty hammer throwers dissolve in patriotic tears.

Thus, all trace of nationalism is expunged from the games. A similar cool detachment characterized most of Melbourne's newspaper coverage of the games. An Aussie named Hector Hogan ran third at 100 meters and his feat was brushed off in a headline that stated dispassionately: "HOGAN'S RUN GREATEST EVER." "BETTY—YOU BEAUTY!" shouted a Page One banner when a cute little trick from Sydney named Betty Cuthbert won a sprint for ladies.

Four years ago Australia's Shirley Strickland had won the girls' 80-meter hurdles in Helsinki. Now her name is Shirley de la Hunty and she has a three-year-old son. When she defended her championship successfully, readers waited breathlessly for the morning papers. What would the big black type say? "SHIRLEY—YOU SUGAR!" was rated the likeliest guess, but this didn't take into account the high position which motherhood occupies in antipodal journalism.

Simple dignity was the keynote. "MARVEL MUM," the headline read. Then a Briton broke the tape first in the 3,000-meter steeplechase but had to wait several hours while an international jury debated a charge that he had interfered with another runner. When his victory was officially confirmed, a streamer summed up his interlude of uncertainty rather neatly: "THE AGONY OF CHRIS BRASHER."

Ah, it was cool, cool.

In every country, to be sure, there is a cathedral air of sanctity about amateur sports. The competitors seem to feel that violent exercise which isn't paid for brings them into closer communion with their Maker than professionals ever get. Where Yogi Berra, for instance, seldom insists that he gets supernatural assistance hitting home runs, the track and field set is quick to credit the Almighty for success.

"I've got a deal with the Lord," the pole-vaulter parson, Bob Richards, has been wont to say, and before his successful assault on his own Olympic record he declared in a sermon that this would be "my last attempt to get to Heaven on my own strength."

Little Charley Vinci is a bantamweight out of Cleveland with the odd hobby of snatching up barbells considerably more than twice his own weight of 123 pounds. When he became the first gold medal winner for the United States, he was in transports of happy excitement.

"What was that book I saw you with just before you made your lifts?" a man asked him.

"My prayer book," Charley said gaily. "I always pray before I lift, but this was the first time I took my prayer book up on the platform with me."

When he won at 800 meters in the most stirring race of the carnival, and perhaps the one demanding greater resolution than any other, Fordham's Tom Courtney decided that even down under somebody up there liked him. He had snatched the lead from his American rival, Arnie Sowell, turning into the home stretch but then was overtaken by a plucky little Englishman named Derek Johnson. Courtney's conscious mind conceded defeat but his spirit called up reserves he didn't know he possessed, and a tremendous burst got him home in front.

"Fifty yards from the tape I was done," Tom said, "but the Lord really came through for me and I regenerated."

When you bring together 4,000 representatives of sixty-seven nations and turn them loose on "the fields of friendly strife," there are bound to be personality clashes which the press calls "incidents," whether the locale is Finland in the far North or Melbourne of the deep, deep South. Yet with these games beginning in a period of international tension, the kids made no issue of political differences.

Andy Stanfield, the American sprinter, could be seen in Olympic Village cheerfully checkmating a Russian hurdler at chess, and United Nations delegates might have learned something about international relations if they could have seen the Americans and Russians mingling during the opening ceremonies, men trading lapel pins, American girls swapping their white gloves for the Commies' red handkerchiefs.

Cliff Blair, a New England hammer thrower with a literary flair, was dropped from the American team for violating regulations against writing for newspapers. There was a fuss about this in the Boston press but the rules were clear and Blair had been warned.

Some fighters were understandably unhappy about decisions. "I think the referee just came in off the street," one complained.

A Hungarian marksman in the modern pentathlon protested when judges ruled a miss on a shot which, he insisted, had gone through a hole made by another bullet. That's how Natty Bumpo used to hit 'em for James Fenimore Cooper, but the judges wouldn't buy this. "He is our best shot and he never gets a zero," the Hungarian Captain cried, "but that is pentathlon."

It's also Olympics.

ASK ED SULLIVAN how his television show is going and he'll tell you to judge it by how many cars his sponsor sells and by its Trendex rating. When Jackie Gleason returned to "live" television last fall—opposite Perry Como, who'd outstripped the filmed Jackie in the rating races—the first thing he asked to see was his show's Trendex.

Everyone in television—actor, network executive, sponsor, or advertising agency man—reckons with ratings. The whole industry keeps a wary eye on them. High ones breed content; low ratings generate feuding and fussing.

Steve Allen's recent front-page falling out with Ed Sullivan, where a "pleasant rivalry" deteriorated into a grudge fight, was triggered by rating rivalry. Steve topped Ed only once in many a Sunday night TV tussle when the lid blew off.

Georgé Jessel, soon after his program *Comeback* was dropped from the ABC-TV network, lashed out at the whole rating system. The comedian called ratings superficial, arbitrary, tyrannical.

"Not so," retort the two young men who jointly own Trendex, Inc., one of the five major companies that rate television programs. "All we do is count the votes."

Edward G. Hynes, Jr., president, and Robert B. Rogers, executive vice-president, point out that Trendex measures the comparative popularity of television programs. "To do this we have a fifteen city sample. We have 350 girls in those cities making 169,000 telephone calls during the first week of every month. The calls are made to television viewers and their replies give us our 'TV Program Popularity Report.'"

Hynes, a prematurely gray man at forty-one, explains that Trendex made 1,600 phone calls to come up with the information that Jackie Gleason's premiere last fall scored 28.7 while Perry Como weighed in with 21.8.

"All those calls were made during the sixty minutes the two programs were on the air," he says. "Customarily we call about 800 TV homes for every half-hour show we report on."

"Gleason's 28.7," Hynes continues, "simply means that of 1,600 homes where television sets were turned on 28.7 per cent were turned to his program; another 21.8 per cent of the homes were watching Como. A difference of 1.5 or 2.0 is not usually significant, but as the margin grows beyond that you get a

TRENDEX — TYRANNY OVER TV?



Robert B. Rogers, left, and Edward G. Hynes, center, check returns

Trendex rates TV shows and everyone in television—actors, network executives, sponsors, advertising men—trembles before the ratings

by JAMES V. O'GARA

decisive contrast in the popularity of two shows."

Trendex figures are fantastically important to TV folk. As Bob Rogers, bespectacled thirty-three-year-old mathematician of the firm, points out, Ed Sullivan confessed in a recent article in *Look* that he "dies a thousand deaths" waiting for his Trendex because "your rating is the entire expression of your work."

Trendex gets out reports like the one Sullivan so anxiously awaits the morning after the program is televised. It's the only rating outfit that moves so fast. The American Research Bureau, in Washington, started an "overnight national" rating early in 1956 but gave it up. The overnight Trendex "specials" probably induce lots of ulcers, so widespread are they used in the television industry.

Practically everybody of importance in the business subscribes to Trendex. That includes NBC, CBS, and ABC; U. S. Steel, Chrysler Corp., and Colgate;

J. Walter Thompson, Young & Rubicam, and McCann-Erickson. In all, there are upward of 150 Trendex clients.

But it wasn't always thus. In 1950, when Rogers and Hynes launched Trendex, business, in Hynes' dolorous phrase, "was going like a lead balloon." Then Hynes, who has had a longtime devotion to Blessed Martin de Porres, started making nine-day novenas in honor of the saintly colored Dominican. "You might not believe it," chimes in Rogers, "but we usually got an order on the ninth day."

"Blessed Martin," says Hynes firmly, "is the third partner in our enterprise. We owe him a lot. Part of whatever profit Trendex makes goes each year to a little mission church for Negroes in Birmingham."

When "the boys," as they're known to their employees in the Trendex offices, started their business, they decided on a rating report based on telephone information garnered from twenty cities. During the first year, the jobs that came

JAMES V. O'GARA, freelance writer and Associate Editor of *Advertising Age*, has published articles in *This Week*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Catholic Digest*, and many other magazines, Catholic and secular.

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Vice-President Rogers and President Hynes of Trendex, one of the five major companies that rate television programs

to them after novenas kept their heads above water. But their success was not spectacular. Then, some research people at the National Broadcasting Co. pointed out that in some of the twenty Trendex cities there was only one television station.

"Your report," they said to Rogers and Hynes, "is neither fish nor fowl. What is needed is a report comparing NBC audiences with those of CBS and ABC. Trendex should report only on cities where the three networks have stations. That gives the public a choice of what to watch."

So Rogers and Hynes promptly pared their list of cities to ten. (Later, five additional cities were added, as these cities added a third channel). The result of the move from twenty to ten cities was that NBC quickly became a client. "The day after that," the boys recall, "CBS called up and said they'd like to buy our reports. And the next day, ABC phoned and came into the fold."

The very first job undertaken by Trendex was for Eugene McCabe, advertising director of Tidewater Associates. He wanted a report on his oil company's program, *Broadway to Hollywood*. Rogers remembers the show's rating turned out to be so low he was afraid to show McCabe the figures, thinking Trendex might lose its sole client.

"But Blessed Martin was with us even then, and when we showed the figures to McCabe he was delighted and said, 'Just what I thought.' Then he went off to make some changes."

In addition to their devotion to Blessed Martin, Hynes and Rogers are alike in several respects. Each wears glasses. Each had ambitions of becoming a doctor. Hynes' father and brother are physicians. Ed made it through pre-med at Holy Cross, but the Long Island College of Medicine advised him he'd be better off in another occupation. Bob, who'd always wanted to be a doctor, put in a year at Amherst. The war came along and he went into the navy, got married and had a child, and figured it was too late for medicine.

Hynes, who served in the army air force in New Guinea, has five children. His Trendex partner has the same number of youngsters. Hynes lives in Wilton, Connecticut. Fifteen minutes away, in Westport, is the Rogers residence.

They joined C. E. Hooper—famous for his "Hooperatings," which were based on phone calls to radio listeners in thirty-six key cities—within weeks of each other in 1945. As Hooper trainees, they had adjoining desks. They don't bother with separate offices today at Trendex; they're in one room, their desks only paces apart.

In 1950, when Hooper sold his company to A. C. Nielsen, another big rating researcher, Hynes proposed that Rogers join him in starting a business of their own. At the time, Hynes had one child and Rogers three. When Rogers seemed reluctant, Ed said, "Well, if you won't come along, I'll go it alone."

Shortly after, Hynes, who'd recently shelled out the down payment on a new home, and Rogers, who sold his house to get some money for the venture, put up their shingle on New York's Madison Avenue, hub of the advertising and television world. Their office was a sublet; they'd only \$1,400 between them to make their start. Today, Trendex is located on a high floor at a fashionable Fifth Avenue address.

Trendex ratings are based on phone calls made by girls in cities like Chicago, Baltimore, Minneapolis-St. Paul, New York, Philadelphia, Detroit, Atlanta, and Dallas-Ft. Worth. In the beginning, Trendex had Western Union make the calls for twelve and one half cents each. But the price later went to twenty-four cents per completed call, "and we just couldn't afford it."

The girls who make the calls today—many of them housewives, shut-ins, and handicapped persons whose work is checked by field supervisors—ask these questions:

(1) "Was anyone in your home looking at television just now?" (2) "What program, please?" (3) "What station, please?" (4) How many men, women, or children are watching that program just now?" Sometimes, instead of this last, the following is asked, "What is advertised?" When television isn't mentioned, the girls ask (5) "Do you have a television set?"

Answers to the first and last queries help establish the percentage of television sets being used. Ratings and share of the total audience enjoyed by programs stem from answers to the second and third questions. Replies to the fourth determine the composition of the audience watching a show. They also provide data for "sponsor identification"—a way of discovering how many viewers know who's paying for the show, or who can identify his products.

The first time Trendex put out a "Program Popularity Report" in October, 1950, the name that led all the rest was Milton Berle. His *Texaco Star Theater* racked up a tremendous 60.2. Runner-up was *Fireside Theater* with 44; *Godfrey's Talent Scouts* was next with 40.4; and Ed Sullivan's *Toast of the Town* enjoyed a 39.2.

In June, 1955, when *The \$64,000 Question* first went before the TV cameras, it was Trendex that found 86.8 per cent of the viewers were able to

The Battle of the trends



Reading down; Bishop Sheen, Ed Sullivan, Jackie Gleason, Milton Berle, and Groucho Marx. Some have been treated well by Trendex ratings; others have developed ulcers from them

identify Revlon as the sponsor of the quiz program. In second place with 86 per cent—only 0.2 per cent behind—was Groucho Marx, who puts on *You Bet Your Life* for DeSoto-Plymouth. The Revlon figure and its top rank represented an unusual situation, because first place in the sponsor identification sweepstakes usually is captured by a show that's been on the air for some time.

Early in 1955, Trendex was asked by the New York Archdiocese if it would determine how many youngsters, on the average, watched the evening show *Medic*. The Trendex report was that a large percentage of that show's audience were children. The archdiocese then called on the network to cancel an upcoming installment that was scheduled to include an actual childbirth scene. To make it unanimous, the sequence was also objectionable to the network's continuity acceptance group. That particular showing of *Medic* was revised to eliminate the offending scene.

Trendex also reports on the size of Bishop Fulton J. Sheen's television audiences. These are considerable, despite the fact that he's on the air at times that put him opposite "comedians I'd like to watch." As a matter of fact, it was Trendex which first gave show business and the public the statistical evidence that Bishop Sheen was cutting into the audience of Milton Berle, the now-deposed king of television.

The Trendex boys once declared that an ideal television survey would include a host of invisible investigators who would attach invisible instruments to viewers everywhere. The brain-waves of each viewer would be measured by, say, an electroencephalograph. Another device would measure the adrenalin in the bloodstream to discover the emotional responses of the televiewer.

In the meantime, their daydream continues, all non-TV distractions would be eliminated. Each set would secretly acquire an invisible meter. And the victim, all unaware, would be chewing on sodium pentathol, the truth-drug, and speaking his thoughts while a hidden dictaphone silently recorded his words.

All this would be instantly transmitted to Trendex in New York and recorded on a report-form even before the applause from the program died away.

"If anything so absurd ever came into being," says Rogers as he checks some new Trendex figures, "television more than ever would pivot on ratings.

"And even then," he adds wryly, "a rating would be regarded pretty much in the terms of Abe Burrows' definition. Burrows described a rating as 'a figure which tells you the size of your audience and which is completely inaccurate if it is too low.'"

THE SIGN POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

Adoration vs. Veneration

According to Newsweek, you Catholics do, after all, adore the Virgin Mary.—L. H., BOSTON, MASS.

We find that you have quoted correctly the October 15 issue of *Newsweek*: "Adoration of the Virgin Mary among Latin-American Roman Catholics is on the increase. Decorative cradles are being used to honor her nativity." *Newsweek* needs a reliable religious editor. You are to be commended for referring to a Catholic source for Catholic information. Even a good dictionary indicates that "adoration" means the kind of honor reserved to a divine person alone. We venerate the Virgin Mary, more so than any other human saint, but we do not adore her, for the simple reason that she is only a creature. "Periscoping Religion" does not justify *Newsweek* in freshening a stale caricature of Catholic veneration for the Mother of Christ—"Mary-idolatry."

Tampering?

How about the insertion, among the decades of the Rosary, of the prayer recommended to the children of Fatima? Is it not true that "the indulgence attached to a prayer is lost by any change, addition, or omission substantially altering a prayer?"—C. C., MILFORD, CONN.



Your quotation from Bishop Morrow of India is correct and is a faithful echo of the mind of the Holy See. Since the concession of an indulgence depends upon the Papal "power of the keys," it pertains to the same authority to decide the conditions under which we are entitled to merit an indulgence. To tamper seriously with an approved prayer, either positively or negatively, would be a mutilation.

Our Lady of Fatima is quoted as having said to the children: "When you say the Rosary, say at the end of each mystery: 'O my Jesus, forgive us, preserve us from the fire of hell, take all souls to heaven and help especially those most in need.'" The insertion of this prayer among the decades in no way tampers with the formulas of the Our Father, the Hail Mary, or the Glory be to the Father, or with the number of those prescribed prayers. Similarly, the insertion of verses of the Stabat Mater in no way tampers with either the vocal prayers or the meditations proper to each Station of the Cross. Furthermore, in the case you refer to, the interlude among the decades is called for by Our Lady of Fatima, not by an unauthorized individual.

Legion of Decency

a) *Is it a serious sin to knowingly attend a Class B movie? What is the difference between movies classified as A-1 and A-2?*—A.E., GRAND RAPIDS, MINN.

b) *If a Catholic has not taken the Legion of Decency pledge, is he obliged to abide by its listing of movies?*—D. K., TUCSON, ARIZ.

a) Movies classified by the Legion of Decency as A-1 are considered fit for general patronage—for both adults and children. When classified as A-2, a picture is rated as suit-

able for adults, though not for children. No adult who is really mature would deny that a line should be drawn between reading material, conversations, and theatricals which are harmless to adults but harmful and inadvisable for youngsters. The mere fact that youngsters chafe under such restraint is no reason for relaxing safeguards. In actual practice, children—including teen-agers—should consult competent adults for guidance in such matters.

Knowingly to attend a Class B movie is sinfully risky, and seriously so, for all—adults as well as their juniors. Such a movie has been found by competent judges to be morally objectionable in part. If you be inclined to resent the B classification of a play inasmuch as it is objectionable only in part, consider the psychology of a skilfully presented movie. Temporarily, mentally and emotionally, the audience are transported to a make-believe world, mesmerized by plot and actor personalities. It takes only a moment or two of time and a few feet of film to present, either boldly or subtly, something as unforgettable as it is wrong. Whether seventeen or seventy, we are all susceptible.

b) If a Catholic has taken the Legion of Decency pledge, he is for that very reason all the more obliged to abide by its listing—that pledge was voiced to God, as a matter of conscience. Even if the pledge has not been taken, we are still obliged to shun harmful movies. The obligation stems from the law of nature and the Commandments of God. We are never free to expose ourselves avoidably to moral infection.

Although, as you say, there is no Church Law as such, covering this matter, the Legion of Decency is sponsored by the nation's entire hierarchy—all Successors of the Apostles and responsible to God as pastors of souls. Their admonitions and exhortations, as practiced by the Legion of Decency, are an echo of God's Commandments. The Legion is not a private, unofficial enterprise, any more than its board of censors is made up of men and women who are puritanical, prissy kill-joys. The need of such vigilance is well exemplified by the Hollywood column, featured in the *New York Times* of October 7, and so paganly written by Bosley Crowther, under the caption "Loosening the Code." By contrast, the superintendent of schools in White Plains, N. Y. had the gumption to bar a showing of the same play, *Tea and Sympathy*, by local talent. In choosing our own entertainment, in supervising that of those dependent upon us, we need discernment and gumption, and such is the twofold spirit of the Legion of Decency.

Papal Blessing: Fasting

a) *What is a Papal Blessing, and why is it that only certain people receive it at a marriage ceremony?* b) *On days of fast and abstinence, is it seriously sinful to eat between meals, wilfully or by accident?*—A. A., STAMFORD, CONN.

a) A Papal Blessing is a special apostolic benediction of the Vicar of Christ, which can be obtained for the asking by anyone who is deserving. It may be given directly during an audience with the Holy Father, or conveyed indirectly via cablegram, or letter, or by inscription on decorated parchment. Such a blessing is often requested on the occasion of

a wedding or a wedding anniversary, a jubilee of ordination, or on similar occasions. Anyone residing in or visiting Rome can do this errand for you. Or you can ask your parish priest to make application for you, through the Apostolic Delegation at Washington, D. C.

b) We should make a clear-cut distinction between a day of fast and a day of abstinence. Aside from the season of Lent, Fridays are ordinarily days of abstinence only. On such days, we may not eat meat at all, but we may eat between meals. The abstinence law regulates the quality of our food: the law of fasting regulates the quantity and frequency of our food. It is impossible to commit any serious sin "by accident." To disregard the laws of fast or of abstinence willfully is sinful seriously.

Saved or Doomed?

I have not been baptized. As a child I had no religious training. In later years, I took instructions in Catholicity, but as yet have not received the gift of faith to believe things which, of themselves, are unexplainable, and which must be taken on faith. What will happen to me if I die in this state?—B. P., TUCSON, ARIZ.



Do not be startled that you have not received the gift of faith without delay. The delay may be attributable, at least partially, to your complete lack of early religious background. To you, religion is a "new world," apparently rather complicated and bewildering. Even the scholarly convert from the Protestant Church of England, Cardinal Newman, had to await the divine good pleasure before receiving the gift of faith—despite the fact that he felt convinced

that all items of Catholicity were reasonably believable.

As often as not and without realizing it, a prospective convert creates a mental roadblock to his own progress. For example, assuming a man is convinced that Christ is divine, he is entitled logically to believe, and should believe, whatever Christ has revealed. Hence, it is not necessary to understand all the in's and out's of truths revealed by Christ, when such truths are human mysteries. In the nature of the case, we do not accept mysteries because or to the extent that they are understandable. We do not demonstrate or solve a mystery; we demonstrate only that the mystery is reasonably credible on the say-so of a reliable person. And the assurance of Christ is divinely foolproof. It is a basic mistake to try to solve or dissolve a mystery and to think all along that we are struggling to believe the mystery.

Another mistake, made occasionally even by Catholics who do not realize their inconsistency is to accept one item of Christ's teaching, while questioning or rejecting another. Because of the ingredients of Christ's unique reliability—His knowledge and truthfulness—it has to be a case of "all or nothing." We do not believe the Eucharistic Presence and doubt the Trinity, because the one mystery is easier to believe than the other. It may be easier to understand one mystery partially than to understand another partially, but that is neither here nor there. We do not believe because our own "mental visibility" is 5 per cent or 50 per cent on the score of understanding the mystery, but because it is 100 per cent on the score of recognizing the testimony of God as reliable.

From your letter, it seems clear that you are a thoroughly sincere person. Hence, in your case, there is no question of blameworthy ignorance or any other symptom of a want of good will. To come to grips with your predominant anxiety—it is the teaching of the Church that, on the one hand, anyone who fails to enter the Church through his own fault cannot be saved; on the other hand, that anyone who

fails to enter the Church through no fault of his own can be saved. The only proviso is that, according to your lights, you do your very best to exemplify your devotion to God by serving Him. In other words, that over-all, uncompromising attitude bespeaks two things: sincere and thorough contrition for your infidelities to God; an unqualified determination to do anything and everything that God wills you to do. One cannot boast in conscience of so commendable an attitude without attaining membership in the Church "in spirit," in sincere desire. So we recommend that, for the moment, you do not allow yourself to be depressed by unfair, unreasonable anxiety. At the earliest opportunity, arrange for a review of your inquiry into the Church, under competent guidance, and throughout the process of that review, keep in mind the mental roadblocks and "booby traps" referred to above. Keep uppermost in mind that you cannot have a more important ambition than to establish and maintain proper "diplomatic relations" with your Creator, Saviour, and Judge.

Sacraments: Sacramentals

What is the main difference between a sacrament and a sacramental? The resemblance between them, I do see.—G. S., HOUSTON, TEXAS.

There are only seven sacraments; the sacramentals are much more numerous. The former have been instituted by Christ Himself; the latter, by the Church. When the sacraments are imparted validly and received worthily, God's special grace is automatically guaranteed. The efficacy of the sacramentals depends upon the official prayers of the Church and upon the personal dispositions of the recipient. Sacramentals can be a means of material as well as spiritual benefits—for example, the blessing of a harvest, the nuptial blessing at a wedding Mass.

Hair Shirt

Where can I obtain a hair shirt? I wouldn't wear one without permission, but what's the use of asking until I obtain the article?—M. P., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

A hair shirt is a garment of coarse haircloth, worn next to the skin by penitents. Since you should not use such an instrument of penance without the permission of your confessor or spiritual director, it would be a case of "walking backward" to procure an article for the use of which you may not obtain approval. We think it best not to reveal where you can obtain a hair shirt, because it is a rare person who can undergo that of penance with genuine spiritual profit and without danger of spiritual pride.

How Many Children?

Non-Catholics say that the Catholic Church expects a man and wife to have as many children as they can. But they won't help a couple with five children to find a decent place to live. Even in Catholic papers, ads for large apartments read: Adults preferred.—J. M., ROCKAWAY BEACH, N. Y.

Since when do Catholics look to non-Catholics for an accurate statement of the Church's teaching? With an eye for the truth, suppose we revise the statement, as follows: Married Catholics should have as many children as they reasonably can. It is a well-known fact that some married couples as well as some landlords are so selfish as to have little or no use for children. But there are circumstances when landlords are excusable for preferring adult tenants only—when delinquent parents do not control destructive children. As for parochial assistance in the solution of your

problem, we should bear in mind that it is hardly the function of a parish to serve as a housing bureau. But we know that, in your area, there are real estate offices staffed by Catholics who will understand your problem sympathetically. Allowing time and patience, you will find a landlord who will share your viewpoint that your treasured children are five candidates for heaven.

Kissing Problem

Am engaged in the direction of a teen-age group—the 15-17 age bracket. A question that arises frequently is the morality of "french kissing." Can you recommend any helpful literature?—M. C., PITTSBURGH, PA.

By "french kissing," "soul kissing," and similar expressions, we understand any methods of kissing which are highly provocative of human, animal passion and which are absolutely unallowable to the unmarried, whether teen-agers or oldsters. The teen-agers of today find themselves in an atmosphere that is pagan, immoral, and brazenly so. But the prevalence of a vogue can never turn what is seriously wrong into something "to be winked at." For a teen-age girl to be different from some of her pals may call for not a little gumption. But to provide for situations like that is one of the purposes of the sacrament of Confirmation. We may need to "stir up the grace which is in us by the imposition of hands." (2 Tim.: 1:6) The following very helpful booklets can be ordered from The SIGN: *Modern Youth and Chastity*, by Rev. Gerald Kelly, S. J. (25¢) and *Growing Up* (for girls) by a Catholic Woman Doctor (75¢). (Add 3¢ postage for each booklet.)

Earnest Prayer

Please explain the difference between recollection and meditation, meditation and mental prayer, mental prayer and vocal prayer.—R. F., RANDOLPH, ILL.



The over-all meaning of recollection, in the religious sense of the term, can be gathered from what is understood by a so-called "day of recollection." A day of recollection is a miniature retreat; it is a day devoted to spiritual exercises. A person is recollected at any time, to the extent that he focuses his attention upon religious matters, to the exclusion of whatever might be distracting. Distractions can arise from within—via the memory or imagination—or from without, by way of noise, conversation, or the like. A sailor at the helm, a chauffeur at the wheel, should give to the task before them an attention as undivided as can be. Distraction may spell disaster. Distraction is the opposite of recollection. To try to pray without recollection of mind and heart is impossible. To go through the motions of praying, while entertaining avoidable distractions, is the height of impoliteness to God.

To meditate is simply to focus our attention upon a fact, with a view to deepening our realization of that fact. For example, to sharpen your appreciation of the crucifixion of Christ, your memory can recall the details of the Gospel records; your imagination can depict, although feebly, the physical and psychological sufferings of the God-Man; your mind can ask and answer the questions: How unbearably did He suffer in body, in mind and heart? Why did He suffer so? What is the profound and unique significance of so much suffering, undergone despite His innocence, by a divine Person? How should His Passion influence me—my ambitions, my methods, my spirit of co-operation?

Mental prayer is the spontaneous expression, without set formulas, of those sentiments which logically flow—or over-

flow—from meditation. If we meditate upon an injustice done to us, in no time at all we are smouldering and fuming, we become eloquent with sentiments of resentment, anger, retaliation perhaps. Similarly, we cannot realize the Passion of Christ, or any other important religious truth, without entertaining logical, appropriate sentiments of sympathy, gratitude, reparation, fidelity. To express these sentiments in our own way, in the privacy of our minds and hearts, is the simple, spontaneous process known as mental prayer. "My heart grew hot within me: and in my meditation a fire shall flame out." (Psalm 38:4)

Verbal or oral prayer is the expression of our prayers in a vocalized way—either aloud or quietly. When said in unison by many, the prayers of the Rosary are recited aloud; when said privately by an individual, it may be by a mere movement of the lips. So too, the Divine Office may be chanted or sung, or prayed quietly. Generally speaking, vocal prayers are expressed according to set formulas, whether lengthy or as brief as ejaculations. When vocal prayers are said properly, the mind is attentive to the meaning of the words. Hence, vocal prayer is not a case of mere "lip service." An advantage of vocal prayers is the fact that a prepared formula, well thought out, can be no small help to a tired, weary mind. Another advantage is the indulgences attached to so many vocal prayers.

Detection

Is enclosed appeal booklet on the up and up? How can we tell a legitimate appeal from a phony?—L. M., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Enclosed appeal is genuine. The second cover carries the approval of the Bishop of Sioux City. No complete, national list of recognized Catholic charities is available to the public, but in any case of doubt, ask your parish priest to check the Catholic Directory, to trace any alleged poor parish or Negro or Indian mission in the U.S.A. or its possessions.

Why So?

Many times, non-Catholic associates get mad when I tell them the reason I cannot go to non-Catholic services is that I belong to the only true Church. Was my answer satisfactory?—B. G., LADYSMITH, WIS.

Obviously, your answer was not satisfactory to them. The only hope of lessening resentment and of reaching an understanding would seem to be based upon two things—your associates' respect for logic, coupled with your explanation that contradictory religions simply "don't mix." Were it not for essential, incompatible differences, there would not be any division among Protestant, Eastern Orthodox, and Catholic Christianity. Even Protestants so disagree among themselves that they are broken up into hundreds of sects. To take part in the religious service of a church or sect is to profess the creed of that church or sect. But in the nature of the case, to affirm one creed is necessarily to deny another. To profess contradictory creeds is unworthy of human intelligence and is an affront to the God of Truth. The ABC's of logic dictate that it has to be a case of "either, or." We believe the Trinity or we do not. Christ is divine or He is not. God is present, whole and entire, in Catholic tabernacles or He is not. Remarriage after divorce is a matter of indifference to God, or it is a crime—and so on in regard to birth control, sacramental confession, veneration for the Mother of God, and dozens of other items. Common sense should clarify at least one point—that one religion cannot be as good as another. And a further point—regardless of which claimant may be the religion acceptable to and approved by the Almighty, there can be only one, true Church.



Right: Macdonald Carey. Above and extreme right: Papa and Mamma with their large brood of handsome little Careys



WHEN MACDONALD CAREY became a father for the fifth time, it almost disrupted the performance of the Broadway farce in which he was appearing. The fact that the show was a farce helped considerably, for the audience was prepared for anything.

This fifth miracle in the Carey family occurred in Hollywood, while Mac was working in New York. The long-awaited phone call from his family came through while Carey was onstage, embarking on the funniest scene of the play. An excited stage manager caught his eye from the wings and began a pantomime notification. In full view of the startled audience, Carey forgot all stage training and made return signals to his unseen informer. The audience didn't quite understand, but snickered politely. Many a perplexed suburbanite wondered all the way home that night just what Carey had in mind.

That was two years ago, and the Careys have since been blessed with their sixth child, and fourth daughter.

This put them in direct competition with the Stephen McNallys, who have six, and the John Farrows, with seven children, for the title of Hollywood's largest and happiest family.

"A family this size leaves little time for loafing," says Carey, who is among the busiest, most popular, and most versatile actors around today. Lanky, amiable, and completely lacking in pose, he is the sort of person who wouldn't loaf if he were all alone on a desert isle.

In addition to the more than thirty movies he has appeared in, radio, television, and Broadway work, Carey has now begun the most challenging assignment of his career as *Dr. Christian* in the television series which formerly starred Jean Hersholt in the title role.

Carey is one of the all-too-few performers who are really dedicated to the job. He is far more interested in being an actor than in being a star. Mac's story is one of hard work and steady advance, rather than of meteoric rise.

"My father was president of the Sioux City National Bank, and everything was being made ready for me," he recalls. "But in high school I ran smack into two gentlemen who changed it all for me—Gilbert and Sullivan. Once my junior-size bass-baritone got involved with them, banking was a dead issue. Fortunately, the family went along with the idea."

Unlike many another starry-eyed youth, Edward Macdonald Carey (the middle named inherited from his mother) set about building a career in the theater the sensible way. He studied stagecraft and acting at the

University of Iowa for five years, earning his M.A. Then he joined a group called the Globe Players, putting on 45-minute versions of Shakespeare's plays at the 1936 Texas Centennial.

"The soap operas were thriving in Chicago around that time," said Carey, "so I thought I might thrive with them. I did, to a degree, then moved on to New York, aiming for a break on the stage. It came in 1941. I played opposite Gertrude Lawrence in *Lady in the Dark*. It started my whole career rolling in high. But 1941 was even more important for another reason. That's the year I met Betty. Nothing tops that."

Elizabeth Crosby Heckscher had come from Philadelphia to study drama in New York. Mac was a "thriving" radio actor at the time. Their courtship has been duplicated a thousand times, but unfortunately not always with such salutary results.

"Betty became a Catholic when we married," said Carey, struggling manfully to adjust his long legs to a Sardis-size table. "In fact, I imagine she is one of the very few people who have been privileged to receive five Sacraments in one day."

He started counting them off on his fingers. "Conditional Baptism, Penance. . . ."

ice. Coincidentally, he had just appeared as a heroic Marine pilot in the movie *Wake Island*. A few weeks later he applied for enlistment in the Marine Corps. The training of Parris Island, a Second "Looney" Commission, radar school, then combat fighter flights in the South Pacific, turned a Hollywood comer into a Marine Captain.

Back in Hollywood, Carey was cast in a succession of inanities, which advanced his popularity, if not his acting stature. But he wasn't a boy to be bowled over by froth. The combination of his earlier determination and the Marine training which saw him advance from raw recruit to captain helped him through the Hollywood mill. Carey was soon winning accolades from the hard-boiled critics, most of whom sharpen their knives for the screen's "suave" actors.

As a Hollywood Catholic, he has participated in many of the projects which the film industry workers support. His most recent such effort has been as narrator for the color film, *Every Moment Thine*, produced for the Franciscan Sisters of the Perpetual Adoration. It is a vocational film, an inspirational project, and an invitation to girls with a vocation to the religious life, showing life in a convent as it really is, not as the humdrum life it is often depicted.

a laugh playing opposite Gertrude Lawrence or Kitty Carlisle, not the melodramatic Mac who saved Maureen O'Hara from international smugglers or Rhonda Fleming from wild beasts of the jungle.

The real story behind the story in the rise of Edward Macdonald Carey is not so much the success or failure of a particular role or a certain character. It is the example it offers. Particularly for the boy or girl with theater ambitions, but also for the determined teen-ager who may want to build bridges or plant crops, or teach young minds. Whatever it is, you've got to work for it.

Macdonald Carey was never foolish enough to hold the illusion that it comes for free. He has a family, the like of which you can't buy for money. He knows that. He has a career which will be flourishing and secure long after the flashing meteors have disappeared from the scene. The critics have told him that. He gets the sort of verbal salutes which come to all too few of the theatrical gentry. One came from a grizzled old stagehand who gave him a fond good-night one evening at a Broadway theater. "Now there's a lad who's a credit to this business."

There are times when stagehands make good critics.

FAMILY MAN

Macdonald Carey is an all-around actor. He can be suave, comic, or dramatic at will

by JOHN C. WYNNE

"Wouldn't it be easier to rule out Holy Orders and Extreme Unction?" I asked. We settled for that.

The six miracles resulting from their marriage bring new sparkle to the big fellow's eyes. It is one of the regrets in his life that he can't bundle the entire group along with him on the many location trips he has to make. Of the past three years, he has spent one on Broadway in *Anniversary Waltz* and made moviemaking jaunts to Spain, Africa, and London.

Carey was just hitting his stride in Hollywood when, like most other young Americans, he was called to serv-

In his new assignment as *Dr. Christian*, Carey will reach a wider audience than any he has yet faced. He is seen as the counterpart of a figure widely loved and accepted on radio, a personality acknowledged to be kindly, benign, and benevolent. The new *Dr. Christian* is more on the dynamic side—young, virile, master of a situation in a different sense than the late Jean Hersholt was. In a degree it calls for a new Macdonald Carey. Not the smooth, polished playboy who romances the Claudette Colberts, Loretta Youngs, and Ruth Husseys of the screen, not the *farceur* who gave Broadway audiences





Leo Brady: The task of the artist is to convey his own insights into reality

Photograph by Jacques Loeve

PORTRAIT OF A WRITER

"The task of the artist," says Leo Brady, playwright, novelist, and associate professor of drama at the Catholic University of America, "is to convey to the spectator his own insight into reality. He sets out to portray rather than to teach, but the result when successful is that the spectator shares the artist's joy in discovering and contemplating the fullness of reality as a reflection of God."

Now 39, Brady has been putting his insights into words for as long as he can remember, at least as far back as his grade school days at Central Catholic in Wheeling, W. Va. At 24, he published his first play, the frequently produced *Brother Orchid*. A steady stream of plays and musicals followed in *Brother Orchid's* footsteps, including *Count Me In*, written with Walter Kerr, which played for

three months on Broadway. More recently, Brady has turned his attention to the novel, writing *Edge of Doom* (later made into a movie) and *Signs and Wonders*.

Brady, the playwright and the novelist, is hard at work on another novel and still another play. But his major attention these days is to his job as Brady, the professor. Aware of his own indebtedness to such teachers as Father Urban Nagle, O.P., Father Gilbert Hartke, O.P., and Walter Kerr, he is troubled by the dearth of Catholic talent in the arts, particularly at the top. "There are many causes of this lack," he believes, "but there is only one remedy: encouraging young artists to discover and give their best." And that, as he sees it, is the job of people like Brady, the professor.

THEOLOGY FOR THE LAITY



Photographs by Philip Stack

Above—Miss Smith, center, greets a new student as Very Rev. Robert Slavin, O.P., and Dean Francis J. Carney look on

In the nine-to-five half of her working day, Pauline Smith is concerned with corporate law and the buying of equipment—paper clips to five-ton hoists—for the 110-year-old steel firm of Wheelock, Lovejoy and Company, Inc. But come five o'clock, this proper Bostonian and double-barreled dynamo suddenly shifts gears: she then becomes administrative director and assistant treasurer for Boston's Archbishop Cushing School of Theology for the Laity.

Now in its fifth academic year, the school conducts classes on Tuesday evenings from September through May at Emmanuel College, a day school for girls conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur. Its professors are six Dominican theologians on the faculty of Providence College who drive the forty-five miles from Providence to Boston each week. And its students—200 in number—are Bostonians from every walk of life who wish to know more about their Faith and are willing to tussle with the *Summa Theologica* of St. Thomas Aquinas in order to do so.

As the woman who keeps the machinery of the school in smooth working order, Miss Smith can be found in her "office", a quiet retreat on the third floor of her Brighton home, almost any evening of the week. Here she keeps the records, handles the correspondence, and takes the telephone calls that mean an efficiently run school.

If Miss Smith were looking for personal satisfaction, she could find it in the tributes paid to the school by some of its 200 graduates. As one psychiatrist put it: "I found the course . . . to be one of the most exciting intellectual experiences of my life. God bless the Archbishop for this priceless gift to the laity of Boston."

At business, Miss Smith examines saw blades and listens to a salesman's "pitch"



WOMEN are on the march everywhere, and broadcasting is just another bastion to fall to their dogged determination, unquestioned charm, and undeniable talents.

My authority for this is "American Women in Radio and TV, Inc.," the group that's spearheading the entry into communications of more and more women and doing very well at it, indeed.

AWIRAT estimates more than 2500 members and others are "now engaged in all aspects of radio and TV from coast to coast" and adds that "young ladies planning careers in broadcasting" can look ahead "with confidence and hope" because of increasing opportunities for good-paying jobs at all levels.

The estimated 2500 women already in radio and TV as actresses, announcers, interviewers, writers, directors, producers, time-buyers, etc., is an all-time record and the "invasion" it represents almost took place overnight—in the last couple of years, to be exact.

"Overnight" describes it when one recalls that the girls tried to make the grade for about thirty-five years, first in radio, later when TV came along. Except for the actresses, a few who landed disc jockey jobs, and women's programs, they failed.

WW II No Help

It seemed the girls' big opportunity had arrived when World War II broke and many young announcers and others were slated to leave for the Armed Forces.

It looked as though they'd attain numerical strength at last by filling hundreds of jobs in which most, or many, would be so entrenched when the boys returned that they'd be retained.

But things didn't work out that way.

Thousands of complaints poured in from all over the country when the gals began going on the air, stating that their voices, higher, less expressive, and lacking the change of pace of the practiced men they'd replaced, grated on the nerves!

The payoff was that nearly ninety per cent of these complaints came from other women!

So, the situation continued hopeless until TV came on the scene. As it turned out, voices didn't matter so much in the sight medium because the picture of a pretty girl divided the attention of listener-viewers. Also, women preferred other women, rather than men, demonstrating the advantages of household appliances, etc.

Meanwhile, radio was adjusting to the near-ruinous competition of TV by finding other ways to present women—many had diligently improved their speaking

RADIO and TELEVISION by



Nat King Cole brings his smooth singing and cool piano-playing

techniques so they became acceptable for radio—and the girls were in demand for the first time and from two directions!

It's important to note, however, as AWIRAT carefully points out, that this demand is due to management's changed attitude toward women far more than to the fantastic growth and development of TV. On the other hand, the medium's expansion from now on will largely determine the number of jobs that'll open to them and the total of those already employed—2500—is expected to double in the next few years.

TV Critics Differ

Many TV critics around the country—no names please—notably those in the big cities, are taking a dim view of the current season and bemoaning the general lack of excitement, originality, and ingenuity in programing.

Some have even referred to this as TV's worst year!

Not only am I amazed at this attitude, but I fail to find any evidence to substantiate it.

To my mind, this is far from being TV's worst year, but is its greatest to date. There are more stars and other big names around than ever, as well as a record number of important and expensive series.

To cite only a few examples, Ray Bolger is back on-camera with an hour-long variety show called *Washington Square* that alternates with *Wide, Wide World*

Sundays on NBC. Bolger's return is exciting and interesting under any circumstances but it's doubly so because he has what looks like a good show. Even if it weren't for the latter, just seeing the star perform his specialties would be a delightful experience.

While no newcomer to TV either, Dinah Shore also has a new program, a once-a-month *Chevy Show* that started beautifully and has been building ever since.

Among the new entries is the weekly *Nat King Cole Show*, featuring the smooth singing and cool pianistics of "the one and only" Nat, the "king" of his kind. This is a gem of music and class that has been too long in arriving.

The Tracer (syndicated, film) is a new program that stresses originality and packs much human interest, suspense, and mystery besides. The stories it presents are based on material in the files of The Tracers Co. of America, the world's largest private enterprise devoted exclusively to tracing and investigating missing persons. This unique concern has located or assisted in locating more than 500,000 missing persons in its thirty years of existence and has also helped restore millions of dollars to rightful owners.

Each program features a dramatization of one of these cases, and the series has been so successful in the few weeks since its premiere that the sponsor is planning to expand to another fifty or seventy-five stations.

by John Lester



MISS TV?—Nanette Fabray, who recently scored opposite Hal March in "High Button Shoes," is being sought for several comedy series and may assume title of TV's foremost feminine star

WRONG PLAY—Sponsor of TV presentation of "Born Yesterday," which starred Mary Martin (above, left) has been kept busy explaining and apologizing for production's off-color tone

MUSING AMUSER—Steve Allen contemplates future as he abandons his "Tonight" series to concentrate on his new Sunday show. NBC is counting on him to give Ed Sullivan some stiff competition

MUCH TRAVELED—Art Baker, host-emcee of "You Asked For It," traveled far to locate foreign attractions for his audience-participation series. He will present 27 episodes filmed abroad

BUSY MAN—Ralph Edwards is already preparing surprise programs for 1957-58 season of "This Is Your Life." Research on celebrities and interesting "unknowns" is contained in pile of books



to TV weekly in his new show

Bigger "Giveaways," Too

In the "giveaway" department, the networks have recognized the popularity of this type program and have come up with several new ones, each trying to outdo the other in the size of its jackpot.

As I write this, the jackpot championship is held by *Break the \$250,000 Bank*, the up-dated version of the old *Break the Bank* series.

By the time it reaches print, the championship may have been won by one of several programs with \$1,000,000 jackpots!

In this group is *Twenty Steps to a Million*, which is ready to take the air any time, and *Hit a Million*, which will need a little more preparation. On the latter, by the way, a contestant will be able (theoretically) to win the big prize on his first appearance! Two electronic "brains" figure in this show, with one selecting questions to be asked and the other determining their value.

Now, aside from production, writing, and other programing values, the bare fact that so much money is up for grabs is, in itself, sufficiently newsworthy and exciting for me. Apparently, those critics who are singularly unmoved by it are far better off financially than I am—and I hope they are.

"Air Power" Powerful

The bewailers and bemoaners also seem to have overlooked CBS-TV's

vastly expensive and hugely ambitious *Air Power* series, a superb documentary on which the network has been working nearly three years.

Originally titled *Conquest of the Air*, budgeted at \$500,000, and having at its disposal more than 150,000,000 feet of film, the name-change went into effect as costs soared and more film deposits bearing on the general theme were discovered.

As of now, costs have more than doubled and show no signs of stopping. Also, another 150,000,000 feet of film have been located in various stockpiles all over the world.

Only the series theme has remained unchanged: The story of flight and its impact on twentieth-century man.

In time and content, *Air Power* will carry viewers back to the horse-and-buggy days and the invention and perfection of the airplane, tracing the history of heavier-than-air craft from Kitty Hawk through two World Wars, the Berlin Airlift, Korea, Indo-China, Eniwetok, the intercontinental strategy of America's new Air Force, and on into the future—even to going up in a rocket with "Arabella," the test-monkey at White Sands.



HE'S BACK—Jack Benny is back on CBS Radio with Don Wilson, Mary Livingstone, Dennis Day, and other regulars. His surprise move may spark return of others to medium

The persons and voices of President Eisenhower, Gen. Billy Mitchell, Eddie Rickenbacker, Charles Lindbergh, Winston Churchill, Ernie Pyle, and other notables will be integrated in the 26-episode series.

Viewers will hear former President Roosevelt call for 50,000 planes a year, a figure that astonished the world at the time. Gen. Jimmy Doolittle will be heard in the historic run over Japan, and Edward R. Murrow will re-do the "Orchestrated Hell" commentary he originally delivered while flying with the Royal Air Force.

The premiere of *Air Power*, Nov. 11, a special hour-long program titled "The Day North America is Attacked," was a

walloping demonstration of our Air Force going into action during a simulated attack on this country by an enemy. It was also a splendid, close-up examination of American resources and efficiency that should have given the most jittery citizen courage.

The climactic sequence, showing the awesome fire-power of some of our planes, literally lifted me out of my chair!

Repentant Sponsor

The normally staid Hallmark Co. has been busy explaining and apologizing for its recent production of *Born Yesterday*, which starred Paul Douglas and Mary Martin and drew numerous letters protesting the off-color dialogue, among other things, that was allowed to go over the air at a family viewing time.

The Catholic Press throughout the nation was particularly critical and several Catholic women's organizations also were heard from in no uncertain terms.

While accepting full responsibility for the offensive portions of the script, the sponsor explained it "expected the script would be cleaned up" in advance but an unfortunate overlapping, and consequent confusion, of executive assignments left this little matter unattended until it was too late. A good lesson was learned, a spokesman concluded, and a thorough check-system has been set up to fine-comb all future scripts for any and all objectionable material.

But the fact that Hallmark slipped up, assumed complete responsibility for doing so, and then took concrete steps to avoid a repetition of its slip is only one side of the story.

On the other side, Hallmark's unquestioned error in taste and judgment deserves consideration beside the many thoroughly fine programs it has presented over the years. The wonderful *Amahl and the Night Visitors* is one and its *Cradle Song*, telecast in May of this year, recently won a coveted Christopher Award.

In February, it will present what looks like another prize-winner, *The Lark*, the story of St. Joan of Arc, starring Julie Harris.

Jack London Revival?

It has taken several years to secure TV rights to even a portion of the voluminous material turned out by Jack

London during his brief but full lifetime.

Whether or not all will ever be released remains to be seen, although the future at least looks promising in this respect.

Among the London stories available to date are those detailing the adventures of *Capt. David Grief*, the hard-hitting South Sea Rover, a man of action and great integrity in the once-popular Teddy Roosevelt mold.

Although "Capt. Grief" was one of the author's favorite characters, he wasn't a creation in the strict sense of the word, but a composite of various seafarers the vagabond writer met and heard about in his wide travels. On TV, he will be portrayed by Maxwell Reed, a six-foot-four-inch "hunk" of handsome man who's considered a real "find."

Since getting this plum assignment, Reed has received reams of publicity. So has the authenticity which the producers (Guild Films) are injecting into the "David Grief" series. These factors have recalled attention to Jack London, both directly and indirectly, and a revival of interest in his works seems to be in the making as a result.

If it holds until the "Grief" program is premiered nationally in the near future, the stimulus needed to snow-ball it into something really big is practically guaranteed. Then, public demand for more and more of London will virtually force release to TV of the balance of his yarns, which will cause the revival to build, and so on.

In Brief

Anna Maria Alberghetti's twelve-year-old maestro-brother, Paul, no longer wants to continue in show business, says he'd rather be a priest. . . . Kay Kyser's former comedy star, Ish Kabibble, now has his own musical group, which he calls "The Shy Guys." . . . The late Fred Allen's autobiography, *Much Ado About Me*, is finally off the presses. . . . Just for the record: Radio and TV performers (and others) might be interested to know that St. Gabriel is the Patron Saint of communications. . . . Jimmy Gleason and John Qualen did so well playing army buddies on a "Millionaire" program some weeks ago they may be co-starred in a series based on the same two characters. Locale will be a veterans' home on the West Coast, if and when. . . . Mercedes (*Wire Service*) McCambridge and her husband, producer-director Fletcher Markle, plan their own TV series, *Tonight in Havana*, which will be adapted from Burnham Carter's "SatEvePost" stories. . . . Vocalist Bonnie Baker to try another comeback, this one via TV. . . .

BOOKS

THE NEW WORLD VOL. II

By Winston S. Churchill. 433 pages.
Dodd Mead. \$6.00



Winston S. Churchill

A few months ago this reviewer, in his analysis of the same author's *Birth of Britain*, commented that he was curious to learn how Churchill would treat of religious developments under Henry VIII. That curiosity has now been satisfied with the appearance of the second volume of *A History of the English Speaking Peoples*.

The Anglican break with Rome is handled for the most part from the traditional English Protestant point of view. Thus, Henry VIII is portrayed as troubled about the validity of his marriage to Catherine of Aragon long before he was infatuated with Anne Boleyn. Churchill asserts categorically that "no body was convinced" by Katherine's argument that her marriage with Henry's brother Arthur had never been consummated. Apparently Pope Clement VII was an exception to this generalization. This the author explains, however, solely on the basis that the Pope was "practically a prisoner" of the Emperor Charles V, Katherine's nephew.

In other sections, though, *The New World* is more critical of British leaders. No apologies are offered for the brutality of Cromwell's Irish policy. "The consequences of Cromwell's rule in Ireland have distressed and at times distracted English politics down even to the present day."

This volume is not written with as much rhetorical flourish as was *Birth of Britain*. Due to the nature of its subject matter, however, it will probably have more extensive interest to American readers than its predecessor.

H. L. ROFINOT.

THE EARTH WE LIVE ON

By Ruth Moore. 426 pages.
Knopf. \$6.00

What is the scientific origin of our planet? How was it formed? How did it develop?

Some, mistaking the Bible for a treatise on geology, accept as scientific truth

the human words in which Genesis narrates the utterance of the Divine Words that created the universe and then man.

This preamble is a perhaps unnecessary warning for those who will read this excellent book. For Ruth Moore also accepts Genesis as an attempt at writing geology and concludes that it has fettered men's minds. Let us not blame God if men have erred.

In *The Earth We Live On* Miss Moore traces geology from its scientific beginnings with Aristotle (who, by the way, realized that the world is round) through the developments of this very year.

It is a fine story. Slowly the facts emerge. Guettard proves that violent upheavals shook the earth. Hutton shows that the ages of the earth defy imagination—that the planet changes ceaselessly. Cuvier constructs from fossils monsters that once ruled the continents. And so it goes, discovery piling on discovery, until during the last decade the geochemists and physicists add to our store of knowledge at an unbelievable pace.

Writing with a gift for clarity and contagious excitement, Miss Moore enables the nonscientist to sample the thrill of the geologists' search and whets his appetite for deeper knowledge. This is no mean achievement.

WILLIAM BIRMINGHAM.

A SHORT HISTORY OF IRELAND

By Roger Chauvire. 145 pages.
Devin-Adair. \$3.00

This study of Irish history by a French scholar is at once a *chanson d'amour* and a threnody for a Gaelic Ireland that Monsieur Chauviré romantically loves and whose passing he laments. "For Lycidas is dead . . . and hath not left his peer." It is a lyric essay, piquantly Gallic, rather than any textbook recounting of dull dates; yet for all the swiftly gliding movement of its writing—M. Chauviré says he wrote it for a French publisher in a month's high enthusiasm—it is a compact presentation of its theme.

The stress throughout is on the Gaelic civilization which M. Chauviré mourns as gone, with independence coming too late. He sees that aspect of Ireland as:

"A sleeping Beauty whom Death has touched with her cold finger will awake no more." Of modern Ireland he ruminates that it "can scarcely hope to survive in this iron age, when only the giants grow and weakness means death." To the accepted possibilities before her, precarious isolation like Switzerland or voluntary association with the British Commonwealth, he offers an interesting third, that she "join herself, a new star, to the 'star-spangled banner' under which live so many of her sons, to which she is drawn by so many memories, and thus become its advance guard in the old world."

It is such interesting personal speculations and comment throughout the book that give it an especial zest and charm. Even acknowledging its brevity it lacks definitiveness; but it would be picayunish to frown at minor errata. For the book bursts forth from a deeply affectionate French heart. The translation by the Earl of Wicklow is excellent in its capturing of M. Chauviré's enthusiasm; and the book jacket, an inspired choice of the art director of Devin-Adair, a soft green reproduction of an old Irish print, is unusually in keeping.

DORAN HURLEY.

THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES OF 1956

Edited by Martha Foley. 366 pages.
Houghton Mifflin. \$4.00

Reflecting as it does a torn and discordant civilization, in this short story collection much is iconoclastic and painful. More is vigorous, humane, and humorous. Many of the characterizations show an understanding discernment: the old man and his grandson in "The Artificial Nigger"; the two doctors in "Creole Love Song"; the glib and bitter Navaho in "The Quiet Chimneys." The locales range from immigrant flats to plantations, jails, reservations, snowed-in cottages, night courts, boys' camps, and a factory.

The worlds they portray are not simply ones of quiet desperation. They struggle, grow, and are often comic. "We're All Guests" and "Twenty Be-



M. Foley

Important New Books

LAY PEOPLE IN THE CHURCH

A STUDY FOR A THEOLOGY
OF THE LAITY

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low at the Edge of a Lane" retell the children's tragedy in a broken family. "How Levon Dai Was Surrendered to the Edemuses" and "Four Annas" show what it can be to be old in a strange land, "The First Flower" and "Free the Canaries from their Cages," to be young in your own. *The Best American Short Stories of 1956* has an array, as well, of individualized and revealing masculine portraits, "Reginald Pomfret Skelton," "The Hobo," and "In a Foreign City," among them.

Too frequently the craft of short story writing seems to have become an exercise in technical agility with insignificant subject matter. In this collection, because of the originality and variety in plot, milieu, and mood, the originality and variety of our country's culture is reflected. Its level of writing is high and pleasingly unselfconscious. Generally, style and theme blend faultlessly.

A reader of Martha Foley's selections this year will not only enjoy them, but learn considerable about his country, its writing, and himself.

CLORINDA CLARKE,

THE BATTLES THAT CHANGED HISTORY

By Fletcher Pratt.
Hanover House.

348 pages.
\$4.95

The stature of the late Fletcher Pratt as a distinguished historian and accomplished novelist is already generally recognized. This collection of studies of the history-changing battles from the ancient world of the Greeks and Romans down to World War II certainly will not detract from a reputation so justly deserved. The combination of historical fact and dramatic presentation is there, as we might expect it to be.

What is at least slightly questionable about the book is the author's selection of battles. It would seem that many that are omitted might well have qualified as "battles that changed history." Mr. Pratt explains the criterion he used in making his choices, one requirement being that the battle represent a positive rather than a negative decision. How it is really possible to distinguish between positive and negative military decisions, this reviewer has difficulty in understanding. The defeat of the Germans at Stalingrad (which Mr. Pratt does not include in his list) was negative in the sense that it stemmed the tide of Nazi invasion and yet positive in that it altered the direction of the war.

It is perhaps unfair to criticize the author on a point which is so much a



F. Pratt

matter of personal opinion. As far as this reviewer is concerned, Mr. Pratt can make whatever qualifications he desires. What are important are his ten dramatic battle pictures and the equally intriguing stories which led up to the conflicts. These speak for themselves and for these we should be grateful.

CHARLES P. BRUDEK

THE GREAT PRAYER

By Hugh Ross Williamson. 164 pages.
Macmillan.

Concise, brief, informative, these adjectives that might well be used describing this analysis of the Canon of the Mass. The Mass is central to the life of the Church, and central to the Mass is the Canon. It is the "Great Prayer" of the Church, and it has come down to us unchanged since the sixth century. The first Mass Augustine celebrated in Canterbury 597 had word for word the same Canon as the Mass celebrated this morning at Catholic altars all over the world.

It is the author's thesis that to understand Christianity one must understand the sacrificial action which is the Mass. And "to know the prayer which accompanies the action is to know the Faith." Consequently, each of the prayers in the Canon, one by one, is given its theological meaning, its historical background, its liturgical significance. From his commentary emerges an understanding that makes it possible really to pray the Canon. For upon the skeleton of Latin phraseology he has put the flesh and blood of living meaning.

Since Protestants insist that they agree with the Catholic Church on original Christianity, it is one of the virtues of this book that it shows that in the Canon there is only the teaching of the primitive Church. The "Great Prayer" thus becomes a point of potential union for all those separated from the Church. For Protestants, then, this book can be quite as valuable as for Catholics, and the author, a recently converted Anglican minister and theologian, can be relied upon as having couched his analysis of the Canon in language that will be readily grasped by Protestant and Catholic alike.

DAVID BULMAN, C

ROMAN CANDLE

By Letitia Baldrige.
Houghton Mifflin.

308 pages.
\$3.75

Everyone who likes to listen to other people's conversations, peek behind closed doors, and read what famous figures are "really like" when they take off their shoes will find *Roman Candle* a lightful and amusing reading.

The book is as exuberant as the personality of its author who for three

As far as years was social secretary to Clare Boothe Luce, former Ambassador to Italy. Politics are forgotten, diplomacy glossed over, and international problems ignored in this personal and light-hearted account of life at what "Tish" Baldridge calls one of the busiest, gayest, most important Embassy residences in the world: the Villa Taverna.

The day often began for CBL's Girl Friday at 5:45 A.M. and ended long after midnight. Duties included shopping for barrel-size garbage cans, reseating a dinner of sixty at the last minute, placating a young Sicilian who insisted the Ambassador track down the father of his unwed sister's baby, smoothing the ruffled feathers of Embassy wives, and finding a nursing mother for the orphan puppies of Scusi, the poodle everyone has loved. This last assignment was referred to as Operation Snack Bar.

Did "Tish" enjoy her twenty-five-hour days? You have only to read her descriptions of skiing and mountain climbing in the north, swimming in the blue waters of Ischia and Capri, sampling Italian pasta, and meeting the polished and handsome Italian men to know that the American blonde had a serious love affair with a whole country and its people.

Miss Baldridge, the secretarial Cinderella, has written a fast-paced and intimate recollection of ex-Ambassador Luce, her famous husband, Henry R. Luce, their staff and guests, that brings to the reader a passport to visit behind the scenes and behind the diplomatic façade.

MITA HUBBARD.

THE PRIEST

By Joseph Caruso.
Macmillan.

214 pages.
\$3.50

It is a wonder that the vitality and the excitability and the emotional violence of the West End Boston Sicilians of whom Mr. Caruso treats in this vigorous first novel do not burst through the covers of the book.

And although the priest of the title is as physically explosive as many of the people he serves, his portrait is drawn with deep spiritual sympathy and compassion.

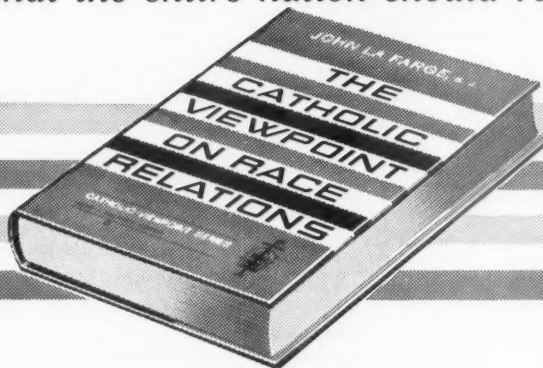
Father Ottavio Scarpi was, like Saint Thomas, ox-like in his strength, a child of the slums, and an ex-prize fighter. Behind a tortuous and often too melodramatic story line is his inner struggle to resolve his own feelings of guilt for his past sins, the internal struggle in mind and spirit of an externally violent man. At the deathbed of a fisherman of the parish he learns that a gangster, again of his own stock, has been falsely



J. Caruso

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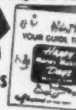
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convicted of murder. Father Scarpi sets out to save the innocent man without, of course, violating the seal of the confessional.

Critics in the more rarefied literary echelons will protest that Mr. Caruso has laid greedy hands upon every possible type of coincidental device, including a so-called "miracle." But in this book it does not seem to matter; for the author is as equally lavish in loving, humorous, understanding of the people who surround Don Ottavio. Rarely has any segment of the American racial scene been brought so positively alive as Mr. Caruso's explosive Sicilio-Americans. He makes the reader know the parli of St. Dominic as well, or better, than his own.

It is a deeply Catholic novel for all its dramatic flamboyance. If Mr. Caruso can only constrain himself into the limits of a simple, natural plot structure he bids greatly for a distinguished place among Catholic novelists.

DORAN HURLEY.

MASS COMMUNICATION

Erik Barnouw.
Rinehart.

280 pages.
\$4.50

To students of the subject this book by the editor of Columbia University's Center for Mass Communications should prove immensely valuable. As the jacket points out, its "publication . . . makes available the only single-volume guide to all aspects of mass communications—via television, motion picture, newspaper, magazine, radio, recording, etc."

To the general reader too, the book offers tidbits. Mr. Barnouw's objective is a reference work, but here and there he gives at least passing attention to those questions concerning the communications industry that everywhere agitate thoughtful men.

Just how powerful an industry is it? To what extent is it manipulating American thinking and to what ends? Barnouw's answer is that it is a more powerful instrument today than ever, but harder to use. Hamilton, Madison, and Jay, the authors of the *Federalist Papers*, could place their "radical" ideas before the public simply by dipping their pens in ink and sending their pieces off to the nearest newspaper office. Today, Hamilton, Madison, and Jay might find it difficult to relay their ideas via the more far-reaching communications media. Since the communications industry is interested primarily in getting and holding a mass audience, it tends to devote most of its energies to noncontroversial matters. In short, it is a conservative force.

Is this good or bad? "Both," replies Professor Barnouw, a prudent gentleman. To call the industry conservative, he writes, "is to point out a virtue and

a danger. To the extent that it conserves what we value and need, it is good. To the extent that it makes us resist change as such, it harbors danger. Since our nation was formed, the capacity for change has been important to us."

Quite likely many readers of this able and informative book will find their appetite whetted for more on the subject. At least, they are likely to find their minds pondering a thorny question—what is it that the more perfect and powerful our techniques of communications become, the more difficulty we encounter in communicating with one another?

MILTON LOMAS

THE FOUNTAIN OVERFLOWS

By Rebecca West.
Viking.

435 pages.
\$5.00

It is a reiteration of the author's masterful character modeling that one succumbs to the precocious charm of the Aubreys even while not entirely understanding them. Indeed, with the last chapter's end comes a genuine sense of loss that this association with a classically eccentric, artistically dedicated family is over, and the imagination races on, anticipating the musical success they deserve for Rose and Mary, a meteoric prominence in whatever field he should choose for their brother Richard Quin, some measure of contentment for the disillusioned Cordelia, and a peaceful reunion for their brilliant, tortured parents, Clara and Piers Aubrey.

"I was growing up at the end of an age which, partly by necessity and partly by choice, was very brown," writes Rose, the youngest daughter, who chronicles her family's day-to-day living in the London of fifty years ago. Music, politics, and money troubles all affect the Aubreys more intensely, just as their loyalties run deeper, their individuality flames higher than the average.

Their story, well removed from the humdrum, is encased in prose polished to the finest luster and studded with such sage observations as "We had very often been sharply warned against sentimentality, and though we might have been able to define it only vaguely as the way one should not play Bach, we recognized it," and such complete capsule descriptions as this one of Westminster Hall—"The stone chamber was splendid like blank verse."

The knack of making her readers want to join in the laughter or cry real tears is not a bit of clever trickery on Miss West's part but rather evidence of an elusive gift marking the performance of true talent. The armchair traveler



Rebecca West

will certainly find this a literary journey to be savored all the way to the final period—and even beyond.

LOIS SLADE PUSATERI.

CENTURY OF CONFLICT

By Joseph L. Rutledge. 530 pages. Doubleday. \$5.00

This second volume of the *Canadian History Series* under the editorship of Thomas B. Costain deals with the struggle between the French and British in colonial America. This was a period of heroic exploits and flamboyant individuals pitted against one another in a vast struggle for empire.

Mr. Rutledge has wisely chosen to tell his story in human terms. Heroic figures of both sides walk through the pages of the book: Montcalm and Wolfe, Frontenac, General Braddock, the Le Moyne, and the young George Washington. His pen portraits are skillfully drawn and faithful to the sources. The author has sought "to make characters and events move out of the stiff formalities of history." In this he has succeeded very well.

Much less acceptable is Mr. Rutledge's attempt to describe the seeds of the conflict in terms of ideologies: the French sanctity of the kingship against the English sanctity of the individual. Few will deny that freedom and autocracy were as much at death grips in the eighteenth century as they are today. In either case, however, the ideological struggle can be exaggerated and complex events made to fit a preconceived pattern. It is at least questionable to state that "Protestantism was measurably less amenable to authority than Catholicism," or that the theory of the divine right of kings "lost . . . when Cromwell showed himself ready to represent a recalcitrant Parliament at the will of the nation." Cromwell on the side of freedom is an innovation difficult to accept.


CHARLES P. BRUDERLE.

OUR VALIANT FEW

F. Van Wyck Mason. 436 pages. Little, Brown. \$3.95

A long and rather tortuous novel that veers between costume romance and a more factual historical account of the Union blockade of Charleston in the Civil War. Of most particular interest to Mr. Mason were the Confederate attempts to build iron-clad torpedo boats and a hand-propelled submarine or "fish boat." He is very happily at ease in his describing how the Southern Navy Department developed and used to the best of its ability and equipment these then ultramodern instruments of naval warfare.

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lent research in a series of highly colored melodramatic plots and subplots that at times approach the ridiculous. And unfortunately he writes so carelessly, with such stilted dialogue and such an all-consuming passion for clichés, that the interesting worth of the historical material he has assembled is very much clouded. It is annoying to find Rhett Butler jumping from the covers of a much more significant novel of the Confederacy into Mr. Mason's book, thinly disguised as the blockade-runner, "Rascal Rafe" Bryson, arrogant, handsome, and deadly both with women and dueling pistols. The writer does better with his other protagonist, a Charleston newspaper editor, until he mixes him up in melodramatic situations that are more in keeping with Mr. Mason's *Colonel North* stories of international intrigue than with a serious historical approach.

Little, Brown has done well by the book, which should make an excellent movie if Clark Gable has time on his hands; and the supplementary pages of drawings by John Alan Maxwell impersonating Alistair Bryson, the Charleston editor, are pleasant sketches wholly in the mood of the character.

DORAN HURLEY.

BEGINNINGS: PROSE AND VERSE

By *New Catholic Writers*. 239 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$3.50

In 1921, shortly after his conversion, Giovanni Papini finished his monumental *Life of Christ*. Literate American Catholics eagerly awaited a translation from the Italian of this masterpiece offered by its author as a tribute to his newly found Faith, but they were disappointed when it was finally published in the United States. The reason: the Scriptural quotations were from the King James Bible. The publisher explained, deferentially, that there were not enough Catholic readers in this country, so why should he care whether his translator used the Catholic or Protestant version of the Testament. Unfortunately, he was right. Why should a mere handful of Catholic readers be considered when it was well known that Catholic books had few readers?

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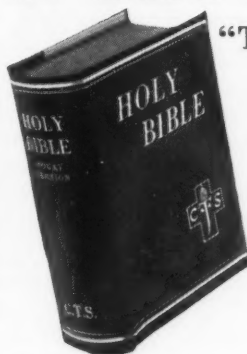
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American Catholics should dip into this magnificent anthology. We owe it not only to the winners of the contest, but to ourselves; for there is something here to satisfy everyone's taste. Some of the stories and poems, moreover, are of such excellence that a pleasant time will be had speculating over what writers may become the greats of tomorrow.

GEORGE A. CEVASCO.

BIRD OF SORROW

By John Romaniello.
Kenedy.

221 pages.
\$3.50

"American imperialist, go home!" That was Father John Roman's thanks from the People's Government after more than twenty years' labor in Kwangsi Province. No wonder he felt the Bird of Sorrow had truly accompanied the Red Army into Dragon Town.

This account of a missionary's last months in China follows the typical pattern of petty persecutions, wholesale atrocities, and habitual fear of arrest that the Reds have instigated in every country they occupy. For the two priests of St. Joseph's Mission, many of the incidents surrounding the Communists' arrival were merely annoying, like their billeting ten men in the rectory parlor, or their periodic arrival in the middle of the night with a search warrant; some were ridiculous, like their suspicion of the mission's live turkey, which they sneeringly referred to as the "American chicken"; but there were harrowing moments, too, like those that precluded the murder of a beloved old friend.

Throughout the war of nerves it was from the faith and loyalty of his adopted congregation that Father Roman drew much of his own strength—from the deep experience of offering the final Mass for hundreds of Christians before the Church was closed; from witnessing a vibrant young girl reduced to rags after she had defied the Party; from the reassuring handclasp of a child who broke through a barricade of soldiers to reach him. When the new regime arbitrarily expelled him with fifteen minutes to pack for the journey back to America, these latter memories were the ones that sustained his belief in the indomitable Chinese spirit. Time and time again they had proved the ancient proverb: "You cannot prevent the Bird of Sorrow from flying over your head, but you can keep him from nesting in your hair."

To a great extent Monsignor Romaniello's life parallels the situation of the book's main character. The story therefore conveys a genuine human interest appeal if not a polished literary style.

LOIS SLADE PUSATERI.

SHORT NOTICES

DAY AFTER TOMORROW. By Roma Rudd Turkel. 242 pages. Kenedy. \$3.75. This book belongs to the dozens of similar popular books in the general field of psychology, except that it deals with a popular presentation of geriatrics in preparation for retirement and the time that follows. There is nothing novel in the material of this book. However, the expression of the author is at times stimulating and extremely clear. This is the chief claim to any popularity which the book might have.

One would wish that there would be less sermonizing and dogmatism, inasmuch as everybody knows that if we all would keep and live up to the commandments of God this book would not be necessary.

Two chapters are especially interesting: those on Blind Spots and on Life Boats. As the book is presented in a simple, readable style, and the subject is timely, it should be enjoyable reading for the average lay person.

VALIANT WOMAN. Edited by Peg Boland. 195 pages. Grail. \$2.50. This is a collection of articles by a group of women, all from South Bend, Indiana, and all married, who have faced or are still facing some serious personal crisis. The problems confronting these women are all different: one was dying from cancer when she wrote her article, one had an alcoholic husband, another had a Mongoloid child, one was three years in a Japanese prison camp. But they all have a common solution: complete abandonment to the will of God. The stories are all healthily free from self-pity, many of them are quite humorous, and all of them take a direct approach to reality, however grim.

THE LAST CRUSADER. By Louis de Wohl. 448 pages. Lippincott. \$3.95. Mr. de Wohl recreates the last flashes of brilliance of the Spanish Empire before the Armada. The Last Crusader is Don Juan of Austria who, at twenty-four, led the Holy League of the Christian world to majestic triumph over the Turkish and Mohammedan forces. The author achieves a great deal. In addition to a vibrant picture of the age, he depicts the inner growth of his hero in a most memorable way.

In this respect, it is a rather unique historical novel. Don Juan, bastard son of Emperor Charles V, with no right to the throne becomes, nevertheless, the moving spirit of his country.

That excellent atmosphere of Spanish faith and soul-searching emanating from Don Juan raises it above the commonplace.

Exciting reading, a good tale, which expands the horizons of both mind and spirit.

THE BOOK OF MIRACLES. By Zsolt Aradi. 316 pages. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. \$5.00. This is not a mere catalogue of miracles, and so the curious who might be looking for such will not find it here.

However, for all those who are genuinely interested in the miraculous and the extraordinary, Zsolt Aradi contributes appreciably to their better understanding. The pious and the faithful will be fortified by this firm and intelligent study. The skeptic—while he may not be convinced—will at least better appreciate the belief of Christians throughout the ages, and understand the thorough reasonableness of it.

Not only are genuine miracles considered, but also occultism and its problems, and Satan's powers. The appendix on beatification and canonization briefly deals with these processes, showing their distinction and significance.

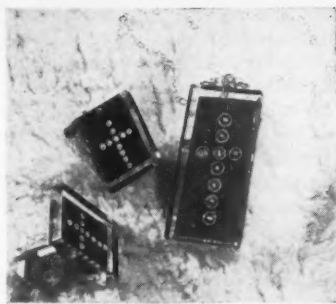
The book is indexed: references and notes in each chapter are gathered under chapter headings at the end; and a good-sized bibliography is provided. The preface is by Father Agostino Gemelli, O.F.M., President of the Pontifical Academy of Science, and an eminent psychologist and psychiatrist in his own right.

THE HOLYDAY BOOK. By Francis X. Weiser. 217 pages. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.00. In a recent *Worship* article, Father Weiser suggests that much liturgical inspiration can be spread by examining old customs before trying to introduce new ones. And he concludes, "When we Catholics write about our own religious feasts and customs, the goal is to present our very best not only as devotion and inspiration but also in scholarship."

Father Weiser himself has fulfilled part of the need for this scholarship. *Holyday Book* is the final volume of his trilogy on the cycle and celebration of Christian feasts (previously, *The Christmas Book* and *The Easter Book*). Delightful anecdotes about a wide variety of customs surrounding the feasts of the church year contribute to a better understanding of how a holiday can be, for all, a holy day.

THE MARJORIE RAWLINGS READER. By Julia Scribner Bigham. 104 pages. Scribner. \$5.00. *The Marjorie Rawlings Reader* returns into print her early novel, *South Moon Under*. It also contains superb selections from *Cross Creek*, *The Yearling*, and *When the Whippoorwill*.

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feuding and country dances. She interprets the speech and traditions, and most important the dignity of the Florida crackers she lived among, with an educated heart and pen.

In contrast, her "sophisticated" tales are flimsy stuff. But they have their place in this collection. They prove how truly rooted was Mrs. Rawlings' inspiration in the hard, primitive life of scrub and range.

MIRACLE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

By Harnett T. Kane & Inez Henry. 320 pages. Doubleday. \$3.95. Martha Berry was born to Southern plantation aristocracy but as someone said after her death in 1942 she always believed "that everybody was someone." That "everybody" extended to the poorest and most illiterate people of the backwoods and mountain recesses. Out of what began as an accidental encounter with three small mountain boys came one of the most unusual educational institutions in America if not in the world, the Berry Schools, beginning as a humble log cabin and developing into a college campus, all built by the students themselves. This incredible woman, young, beautiful, about to be married, turned her back on herself and traveled the length and breadth of the country begging funds for her school, stopping at nothing, not even the White House. She was a woman of remarkable courage and vision, of prayer and action, living, as she believed, "not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY—HALIFAX.

By Sister Maura, S. C. 269 pages. The Ryerson Press, Toronto. \$4.50. This centennial chronicle is an absorbing sketch of monumental accomplishments. It has to do with the Halifax branch of the spiritual family of Mother Seton. In 1855, six pioneers from the United States established the Halifax mother-house. Now, over 1600 Sisters staff hospitals, schools, and orphanages from coast to coast, throughout Canada and the U. S. A. Archbishop Berry of Halifax introduces this saga of charity in action. The author keynotes her narration in a biography of Mother Elizabeth Seton, the American convert and foundress, who patterned our American Catholic parochial school system. Well illustrated and penned in a masterful style, this up-to-the-minute history should be of keen interest to everyone—Catholic or non-Catholic—who realizes the top priority of well-integrated social service and of sound, religiously balanced education. Meriting special mention is the vocational inspiration, implicit within the pages of Sister Maura's book, which is bound to appeal to aspirants to the religious life as exemplified by the Sisters of Charity of Halifax.

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PRINCE AMONG MEN

(Continued from page 15)

It was during one of these drives that the Archbishop, characteristically choosing duty rather than safeguarding his health, almost died. Never adjusting to the winters in the North—even today he shivers unhappily from the cold, despite the indispensable warm sweater underneath his robes—he developed a severe chill one evening near Madison. Monsignor (now Bishop) Roman Atkielski, observing that his cheeks were flushed and his teeth chattering, begged the Archbishop to return home and cancel the evening engagements. He refused, saying that he would not disappoint his people. He held to his schedule, but a critical siege of pneumonia resulted.

In Milwaukee, Archbishop Stritch intensified his interest in social problems. "I always had this interest," he explains, "but the depression brought it forth as a practical reality." Another problem he faced was the bitter and unreasonable frictions among the great national groups which make up the city. Unfortunately, these frictions even entered into the life of the Church. Archbishop Stritch was the diocese's first "Irish" Archbishop, but his unusual name (unusual, that is, in that it is not readily recognizable as Irish) proved to be a blessing. The Poles thought he was Polish, the Germans were convinced that he was German, and the Irish knew that he was one of them. By the time the confusion was clarified no one really cared—he was claimed by all and beloved by all.

On March 7, 1940, Archbishop Stritch succeeded the recently deceased George Cardinal Mundelein as Archbishop of Chicago. The greatest honor of all came six years later when, on December 23, 1945, Pope Pius XII named him a Cardinal-Priest. With Archbishop Edward Mooney, his good friend who had been similarly honored, he flew to Rome—his first plane flight—to receive his "red hat" from the Holy Father on February 18, 1946. The new Cardinal acknowledged this honor as a tribute "to the zeal of my clergy, to the deep faith of my people."

It is hard to know any man really well. It is even more difficult to know someone well who has achieved a position of eminence. But to really know Cardinal Stritch, as most of those who have been associated with him have discovered, is almost impossible. This, despite his child-like simplicity of spirit and a gracious, friendly manner that quickly puts at ease even the most self-conscious. But he is deceptively simple in that the depths are impenetrable and, after years of knowing him, you might not know him better than you did at the first meeting.

His deep humility and kindness, however, are obvious to anyone. Basically a shy man, he is particularly at ease with children and frequently will halt a procession to visit with a delighted child. Sometimes when he walks in his neighborhood—the long daily walks he used to love are still another casualty of his increasingly hard schedule—he is charmed by street children who run up and call out "Hi Cardinal!" "How are you today?" he will inquire. "OK," they shout as they dance around him. On these walks, too, the most disreputable bum can obtain, simply by asking, whatever money he has in his pocket. (All of the Cardinal's personal funds are used for charity.)

Many of those who have known Cardinal Stritch for years cannot remember ever seeing him lose his temper. But he did at least once, years ago. And so unique was it that his staff talked of nothing else for days. The circumstances were such that even St. Francis (who, as many have pointed out, the Cardinal resembles more than a little) might have been excused for exploding, but all the Cardinal actually did was to throw his pencil across the room. He could not have caused more consternation if he had thrown a hand grenade.

Probably, his kindness is most exemplified when it becomes necessary to administer discipline to someone under his care. If the occasion demands it he can be severe, but it is always much harder on him than on the culprit. When someone does not measure up, the Cardinal asks himself over and over, "How have I failed?" and seems to put the blame on his own shoulders rather than where it justly belongs. One friend remembers a time when a very serious violation required the Cardinal to administer strong disciplinary measures. After the painful interview the Cardinal broke into tears.

Cardinal Stritch still seems puzzled as to how and why he became the Archbishop of Chicago. His diffident manner, his gratitude for small kindnesses, his solicitude for those about him leave no doubt of his humility. Yet no one is more conscious of the dignity of his position or of the importance of representing the Holy Father. (This consciousness is readily apparent and even the most Babbit-like would never consider slapping him on the back.) Always, everywhere, he is the Churchman. He has an overpowering sense of responsibility to the Church, and it is virtually impossible for him not to relate even the smallest action to the good of the Church and to evaluate it by that standard.

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his position, probably more than any other reason, accounts for the lonely life he leads. "A bishop must necessarily be a lonely man," he explains. As he has grown older, as his friends of youth have died, as he has risen in the hierarchy, he has turned more and more within himself. From his earliest years in the priesthood, he had a fear of worldliness, though no one could have less cause to fear. His deep spirituality, his almost mystic nature, has made him a man set apart, a man who gives so much to his God and his Church that he has little left for anyone else. That he accepts.

A notable characteristic of the Cardinal is his refusal to be hurried in making a decision. His patience in this respect frequently exceeds that of those who are awaiting the decision. He will never act unless the issues are clear, or at least clarified as much as counsel, deliberation, and prayer can make possible. He wants to do what is best for the Church and he wants to avoid causing sorrow to anyone by his judgment. His periods of preoccupation (indicated ordinarily when he strokes his nose) are devoted to thinking through problems in order to insure a just and right decision. Once his mind is made up, however, he acts quickly and, as one intimate has pointed out, "he will do what he has decided must be done, no matter if it kills him."

Cardinal Stritch is not one to seek out controversy or to indulge in startling public statements. He does not hesitate to take a public stand when necessary, but, if possible, he prefers the quiet approach. At all times he tries to confine himself to the teachings of the Church. "Since I cannot distinguish in public between myself and my office and, even though I may have personal opinions as a citizen, I withhold comment unless there is a clear need in the public good. I never enter into mere political questions, but this doesn't mean I am not extremely interested in them."

Recently a layman friend had the opportunity of an extended visit with the Cardinal and he used the occasion to seek his opinion on a variety of topics. He was amazed at the breadth of the Cardinal's interests and knowledge and his willingness to comment on what others might have considered presumptuous questions.

The Cardinal showed intense interest in contemporary art, music, and literature and told of his hopes for the future: "We have had to pass through a negative stage in which the obligation to be constructive has been neglected. Now we must emphasize the positive and we must develop intellectual leaders."

Reflecting on the international scene the Cardinal pointed out: "It seems to me our critics harp too much on the

mistakes and failures of America and not enough on our very great accomplishments during this critical period in history."

Bridling a bit when he was referred to in the discussion as a conservative, the Cardinal explained: "In social justice and in social charity, I make no distinction between conservative and liberal. On basic principles in the social field, I am for action and good action. That doesn't make me a conservative. Sometimes you are so classified if you don't take a rigid stand where there is still room for legitimate controversy."

Reminded that some Catholic writers have suggested the possibility of anticlericalism in America, the Cardinal firmly rejected their views: "Our bishops and priests have come from the people and have a strong feeling and sympathy for the people and their needs. I do not see anticlericalism as an important or even an incipient problem in our land. The old relationship between the priest and his people has changed with the times. It's all our Church, the Church of the people as well as my Church. Constructive criticism, even if it is a little destructive at times, is not anti-

• Everyone has a right to his own opinion; it's generally of no use to anyone else.—*Dublin Opinion*

clericalism. A growing impatience with us by some young intellectuals is not bad; in fact, it can be good."

As for the much-discussed "Catholic ghetto," he admitted: "There is some truth to the charge, mainly because in the past there were many social and language barriers as well as opposition and persecution which separated Catholics from others and threw them together. While there is still room for Catholics to further recognize their obligation to the body politic and to the whole world, the vast improvement in recent years has made it a problem of minor consequence."

And on a problem close to his heart and ever-present in his archdiocese, the role of the Negro in American life, he spoke out unequivocally: "We must work on a basis of full integration. It cannot be accomplished overnight, but it must come."

Today in Chicago his flock looks upon Cardinal Stritch with an intimacy, a tenderness, and a love that seems unlimited. The Holy Father expressed their devotion on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the consecration of Cardinal Stritch: "The power of your mind and the generosity of your heart have found full scope and expression in the great See of Chicago."



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LETTERS

(Continued from page 4)

ble for the objectionable parts of the movie. See THE SIGN, August, page 23.

Three cheers, one each for THE SIGN, Philip J. Scharper, and Pennsylvania!

With relatives by the name of Lafferty living in Danville, Pennsylvania, it took your John Lester writing on Radio and Television to bring me the word that Altoona contributed its Janet to the entertainment scene.

"The Many-Gifted Mrs. Kerr" was fine material for your November cover and the article by Mr. Scharper. It was well-deserved recognition for Scranton's Bridget (Biddy-Jean, if she doesn't mind) Collins. And, in a way, recognition for Scranton's Marywood College which she attended before going to Catholic University for graduate work. They've progressed since her days there to a position which sees them staging three plays a season from an on-campus stage and theater which would be the delight of theater-goers accustomed to dust-laden frescoes and dustier second rate plays. "Theater" is not confined to Broadway.

I say again: Three cheers for THE SIGN, Philip J. Scharper, and Pennsylvania.

MAURICE J. SULLIVAN

PITTSBURGH, PA.

"THE ETERNAL TOMBOY"

Somewhere along the line I developed something of an allergy for (against would be more accurate) Mrs. Babe Didrikson Zaharias.

They say confession is good for the soul. It has taken her death and the eulogy of Red Smith in the November issue of THE SIGN to break down the allergy.

Borrowing a sentence from the letter of Norman Chamberlain in last month's issue of THE SIGN, "he (Red Smith) writes well about much more than baseball."

GEORGE R. FARRAR

CHICAGO, ILL.

ANTI-LABOR?

You may stop sending THE SIGN—since you so readily criticize organized labor, maybe you ought to get the viewpoint from some of the people who do belong to organized labor, or are you afraid you will enlighten yourselves? . . .

I'm all for organized labor because if the little guy doesn't take care of himself the big shot sure isn't going to. If it wasn't degrading my Church, I'd place your article on the bulletin board at Westinghouse. I'd like to see the reaction.

Mrs. K. E. SWIGART

MANSFIELD, OHIO

THE EXECUTIVE LIFE

The short notice for the Luce treatment of *The Executive Life* (November, p. 72) was printed without benefit of a byline.

At the very least, the reviewer deserves

a note of commendation for having demonstrated a marked ability at sly humor.

Who knows, he may even have talked me into buying one of the books.

JIM VAUGHAN

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.

DIETS

I just wanted to let you know that I very much enjoyed Katherine Burton's page "Woman to Woman" in your November issue which concerned dieting.

It is very interesting to obtain the religious slant on this problem. I believe it will help me and my friends to whom I plan to show the article. . . .

JOAN HARKINS

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

ROUND-UP

I like your magazine very much but think the caliber of your stories is absolutely terrible. Certainly there are many excellent Catholic authors that could write better, more interesting stories and have a moral also.

MRS. N. L. SMITH

NORTHFIELD, N. J.

. . . I depend on THE SIGN for an unbiased presentation of the news. I have looked for so long for the sort of news coverage which THE SIGN gives. It is adult and intelligent. I am a strong supporter of labor unions as of all agents which work for social justice but I liked your printing the Riesel article. Certainly it helps the unions themselves when they are given help in ridding themselves of ingrown abuses.

. . . I haven't even begun to tell the features which we enjoy for I am not the only one who reads it. In fact it gets such hard use these days that the Sisters for whom I used to save it have to wait and some of the copies never reach them. But you see it is very important at our house. . . .

MRS. GEORGE DAUBNER

HARTFORD, WIS.

Due to THE SIGN, I have come to know about the true aspects of American life and of Catholicism there. In Europe, we were taught very often a very wrong idea about America: the materialistic way of life in U.S.A., the absence of real culture, the businesslike administration of the Catholic Church without deep Christian spiritual life, and the gifts sent abroad to the poor countries as mere political propaganda. But THE SIGN, with its various and interesting subjects, has corrected it. Now we know there is a great vitality in the Catholic life in America, and in some questions the old Europeans have still to learn from you.

FATHER IVAN BOUDRON

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ECHO KOC

COLTON, WASH.

THE SIGN is my favorite Catholic magazine. . . . Our daily papers don't always present the story with the moral. I have found myself looking up back issues of THE SIGN to get the story behind the story on the Riesel case and more recently on the Egypt-Israel affair.

I love the letters, editorials, and question and answer column. When I have time for the fiction, I love that, too.

MRS. ROGER RAUTY

LAKE GENEVA, WIS.

WHALENS

Two articles in the October issue of THE SIGN riveted my attention. Alma Savage's work, as described in "We Have With Us Tonight," has a striking counterpart in another apostolate with which I am familiar. I refer to the "Project for Catholic Action Through Music," by the Whalens Enterprises, Inc., 50 East 72nd Street, New York 21, N. Y.

Coincidentally, the article "Top U.S. Composer," setting forth Paul Creston's appraisal of music as a spiritual implement, brought forcibly to my mind the tremendous efforts The Whalens Enterprises are making to counteract what Mr. Creston rightly calls Catholic "complacency and our frequent contentment with what is bad or merely mediocre."

For five years now the Whalens have been sending outstanding musical artists over the length and breadth of the United States, and across Canada, to bring within the reach of all true music lovers a type of entertainment delightful to all refined tastes . . .

This project parallels in music what Miss Savage's does in lecture. . . . Whalens have added so much to the extension of Catholic culture, and have served Catholic Action so well, that I felt the urge—after reading your two fine articles—to write.

MARY LORETO McALOON

AUGUSTA, MAINE.

AUTOMATION

Your comment on "Automation" (November, p. 13) deserves the plaudits of every American. Not, particularly, for the optimism it adopts, but rather for the awareness it shows that this "New Baby" will affect the lives of all of us, drastically.

In the face of an utterance of one of our top executives, widely publicized in press and radio, to the effect that automation in the short space of twenty years will "free" the greater part of the nine million persons, now engaged in clerical and accounting work, from their jobs, such optimism as you adopt seems to me to be "wishful thinking" of the most dangerous kind. What other work will these "liberated" people find? Will their whole way of life be consigned to the scrap heap? . . .

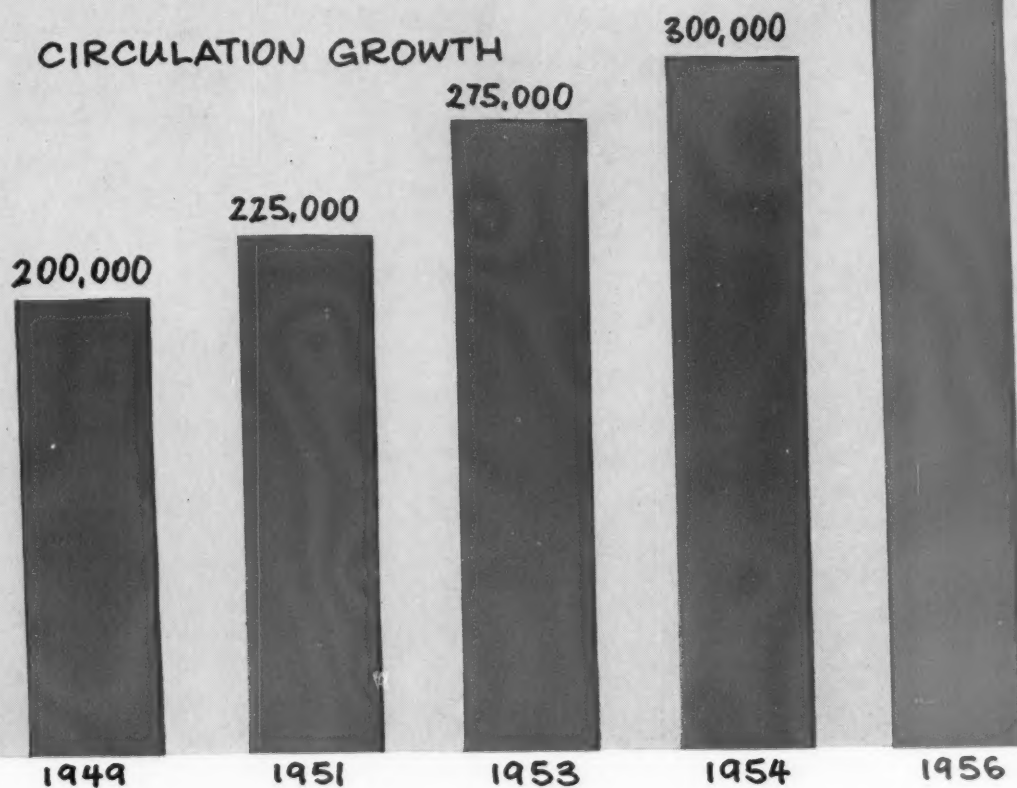
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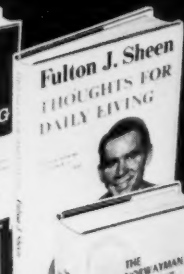
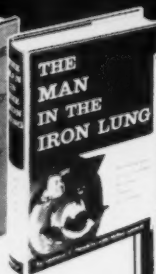
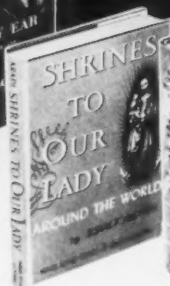
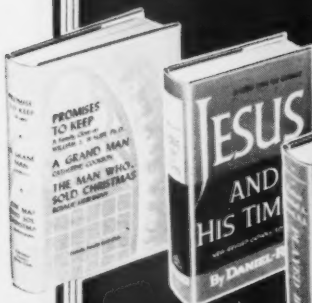
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